

R. Griffiths

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 331.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 25, 1868.

[ONE PENNY.]

BELOW THE SURFACE.

The little shock of an earthquake which was experienced in Somersetshire lately has set people thinking. We have had, in our region, rare instances of shocks, and warnings that we are not exempt from the mysterious telluric influences which in other latitudes elevate or depress continents, shatter mountains, engulf cities, and affright the population. Ancient Glastonbury was once destroyed by such a disaster; the bells of Lincoln rang once upon a time without the aid of a human ringer; the earth has more than once quaked in Ireland, aye, and more than once, perceptibly, beneath the foundations of London itself. Fifteen years ago, the entire north-west of England was slightly, yet distinctly, agitated, and so lately as October, 1863, the centre of this island felt a shudder which vibrated in nearly every direction to the coast. It is very difficult to be reconciled to the idea of a volcano, with periodical earthquakes, in Great Britain. Should we be glad to have an entrance opened—say in Somersetshire, or through the London Basin—into the entrails of the earth, into the tremendous laboratory wherein these concussions and detonations are prepared? Do we want to become personally familiar, all of us at home, with the effects of “the central fire” ignited “at the first period of the develop-

ment of matter?” No; unhesitatingly it may be said—no. Geologists of a certain school have informed us that there are two central hollows in our globe in everlasting conflagration, one beneath the island of Celebes in the East, and the other beneath the island of St. Christopher, which was partly crumpled up the other day, in the West Indies. From each of these, if we accept the hypothesis, selected with a view to illustration, issues a communicating and principal channel, through which the volcanic fluid is propelled from west to east, according to the rotatory motion of our planet. Thence branch off smaller currents, intercepted and concentrated, at intervals, by ganglionic volcanic knots and groups, extending in a network, as far north as 80 degrees, and as far south as 65 degrees. From St. Christopher the incandescent river, following the ecliptic, rushes below land and sea, from Hayti to the Azores and Portugal, up the Mediterranean, through the Grecian Archipelago, across Asia Minor, under Arabia, and into the bowels of Hindostan. From Celebes it whirls about spirally, so as to touch nearly every latitude of the globe in its turn, and, in the end, we must expect irregular combustions in the subways of our own long-exempted territory. It need scarcely be said that this sort of subterranean map-making is not encouraged by writers of any high

standard; indeed, it is only interesting as evidence of the eagerness with which men would pry into the causes of the marvels they witness. But there can be no doubt that the volcanic action of the earth has shifted and may be expected to shift, from one era to another. It is by no means a question of climate. The fires of the globe burst forth within the Polar Circle exactly as they do on the Equator. The whole of the irregular plain constituting the centre of Southern France, was once in full volcanic activity; but perhaps geology, the youngest of the physical sciences, may ultimately tell us, more confidently than is possible at present, what to expect. Meanwhile, we must be content to stand by “with awful eye” while Etna rolls forth its vivid volumes; while Vesuvius looking down in wrath on the Bay of Beauty, smokes by day, and glitters and scintillates by night, terrific and unapproachable, for three months together; while the islets of the Pacific Ocean and the islands of the Caribbean Sea absolutely stagger upon their foundation; while Hungary and the Lipari group give forth an occasional groan; while a monstrous bulk of ash-laden cloud ascends and falls from the peaks of Central America; and while, as it would seem, every Stromboli of our sphere is at white heat, raging and struggling for new vents.



WILD DUCK SHOOTING.

COURT AND SOCIETY.

THE Earl of Malmesbury arrived at his residence in Stratford-place, on Saturday, from Heron Court, near Christchurch, Hants.

ACCORDING to the present arrangement the Queen and the Royal Family will return to Windsor Castle from Osborne on the 17th February.

THE Duke of Marlborough has arrived in town from Blenheim Palace, Oxon. The Duchess and Lady Cornelia Churchill arrived at Blenheim on Monday from a tour of visits.

THE next examination of candidates for direct commissions will commence on Wednesday, April 1, and not on the 6th of that month, as recently stated.

VISCOUNT NETTERVILLE, Lord Louth, and Lord Killeen, have authorised their names to be placed upon the Roman Catholic "Lay Declaration" in favour of disendowment of the Irish Church Establishment.

It will gratify a wide circle of friends to learn that Mr. Panizzi, who has been in a precarious state from suppressed gout, has since Thursday been gradually improving, and that hopes are now entertained of his ultimate restoration to health.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, with Princess Henrietta of Schleswig-Holstein, at the termination of their visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Ailesbury, at their seat near Marlborough, will proceed to Osborne, where they will remain until Her Majesty's return to Windsor Castle.

ALL our readers interested in dramatic matters will grieve to learn that Mr. Kean's illness—now, in its more acute form, of many months' duration—has reached a stage at which no hope of recovery can be entertained. For some days Mr. Kean has been in a state of extreme prostration, from which there is scarcely any expectation of his being able to rally.

MR. C. W. FREEDY, the hon. secretary of the Hunstanton branch of the Royal National Life-boat Institution, has just received from his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales a donation of ten guineas in aid of the Licensed Victualler Fund. This life-boat station is within eight miles of the Royal residence, and it was launched on Sept. 5, 1867, since which time it has saved the lives of 31 sailors—16 from the barque Thetis, and 15 from the barque Hammonie.

THE Right Hon. Sir John Pakington, Bart., M.P., and Lady Pakington, entertained the Lord Chancellor and Lady Chelmsford, Laura Countess of Antrim, Dowager Viscountess Combermere, the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. Disraeli, the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy, M.P., and Mrs. Hardy, the Hon. Lady Keppel, Field Marshal Sir John F. Burgoyne and Miss Burgoyne, Sir Roderick Merghison, General Forster, Colonel Jervoise, Colonel Murray, Mr. Herbert, &c., at dinner on Saturday evening, at their residence in Grosvenor-place.

IN a toy which has been recently brought out by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, under the title of the Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life, and which is extremely popular just now, we recognise an old friend with a new face. Everybody, of course, knows the common fact of the retention of images on the retina. When you shift your eye from one object to another, the impression of the first gives way comparatively slowly and lingeringly to that of the second; and it is an old trick to combine a variety of figures with rapidity of motion in such a manner as to suggest illusory appearances to the eye. The zoetrope is, in fact, a development of the thaumatrope—once, if not still, a familiar toy—and the principle on which it is based is precisely the same as that which is illustrated by the circle of fire that seems to be traced by twirling a lighted stick. The zoetrope is a cylinder with a number of long narrow slits in the side; it is mounted on a pivot on which it can be made to turn rapidly. Round the inside of the cylinder is placed a slip of conical figures which, when looked at through the slits of the rotating cylinder, seem to be endowed with life and performing extraordinary antics. A funny old man goes hopping along under his umbrella with the graceful motions of a kangaroo, a procession of Irishmen whirl past brandishing their shillelaghs after the fashion of Donnybrook, a nigger dances a mad "break-down," a huge head plays at bob-apple, and so on. The cylinder stands in the centre of a table, and a large circle of spectators can gather round it and witness the grotesque gambols of the figures through the revolving slits. In addition to the variety of the painted slides a further diversity can be obtained by turning them upside down, by putting two in together, only a half of each being exposed, or by altering the number of figures. When the first laughter is over, those who like their fun with a flavour of philosophy may puzzle themselves with wondering what is the rule by which the attitudes of the figures are determined so as to produce the desired effect, for each attitude is more or less different, and the changes do not take place in a gradual and progressive manner, but according to some hidden principle which we cannot pretend to have mastered.

WILD DUCK SHOOTING.

TO be successful in wild duck shooting a man should be an early riser, for the best chances of all are to be met with at the dawn of day. If the morning be still and the surface of the water be unruddled by the wind, the enthusiastic sportsman will be found ere daybreak listening for the "quack" of the mallard, large flocks of which are frequently to be met with in the early part of winter. Any wild fowl shooter with an average amount of experience, can distinguish at a considerable distance wild ducks from widgeon or other wild fowl, either on the wing or when swimming on the water. Wild ducks are generally fond of feeding close in shore among weeds and low marshy grass, totally different to widgeon, which feed on the green weed of the ooze and floating refuse of the tide.

Colonel Hawkes directs the sportsman to hunt the rushes in the deepest and most retired parts of some stream during the autumn, and when he has sprung the old duck he may be tolerably certain that the flappers or young birds will also be found, and as their wings are not yet strong, they will fall an easy sacrifice. This, however, is not sport, nor hardly fair play; it is, as the Colonel himself remarks, more like hunting water rats than shooting birds. When the flappers have fairly taken wing, the shooting may then be termed legitimate sport. In this case the eager sportsman should walk in a deliberate manner along the side of the brook or rivulet; and if it be not too deep it will increase his chances of success if he walk up the brook itself, having with him one or two well-broken water spaniels, which, if roused, will be all the better. At all events, they must not be such as flounder on before, disturbing every living creature in their passage; on the contrary, they should be well nosed, but very patient. Still in their manoeuvres as they are with their tongues, hunting here and there, as it were on the sneak, and yet with an intensity of purpose that shall ensure their not passing over any lurking bird, wherever secreted.

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.—The authorities at South Kensington are actively engaged in preparing the third and last Exhibition of National Portraits. This collection will comprise—besides such portraits of earlier date as may have been missed on previous occasions—portraits of persons who have lived between 1800 and the present time; but will exclude all who are still alive. It will be opened in April—earlier than last year. Portraits ought to be sent in not later than on the 3rd of March, and will be returned in August.

HOME AND DOMESTIC.

WITHIN the last fortnight the Inverness Excise officers have made two seizures of illicit stills. In the latest case they also found concealed in a stack of corn near Abriachan, a cask containing five gallons of very fine mountain dew.

ON Saturday there was a sparrow-shooting match near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Some of the men got their powder damped, and they placed it in an oven for the purpose of drying it. After a while it of course exploded, and two men were killed. Another is not expected to recover.

A FATAL family quarrel occurred on Saturday at Blyden, near Newcastle. A seaman, named Foulcher, it appears, had married into a family of bottle-makers, named Graham, and in a row which arose as to the conduct of Mrs. Foulcher, her husband was killed on the spot. The father and brother-in-law of deceased are in custody.

THE gunsmiths of Limerick have been required to hand over to the constabulary their stock of fire-arms, and the powder dealers have lodged their superfluous stores in the military magazine. In Tralee, and several other towns in the south of Ireland, the same measure of precaution is being taken, in obedience to recent orders.

THE notorious George Francis Train and two other persons were arrested at Queensstown on Friday night on the arrival of the *Osmond steam ship Scotia*.—We also learn that Dr. Waters, who already stands committed for having taken part in an illegal procession in Dublin, was on Saturday arrested and taken care of in Kilmalmain Gaol under a special state warrant. Dr. Waters is reputed to be the editor of the *Irishman*.—Lennon is to be prosecuted for the murder of Constable Kenna.

THERE has always been a certain amount of fear that Fenianism might arouse again some of the old Rockite or Whiteboy spirit from which Ireland has been for many years so free, and the mention of the fact, therefore, that two persons residing near Clonmacnoise, and employed one in the service of a canal company, and the other in a mercantile firm, have received threatening letters produces some little uneasiness in the district. The old Whiteboy materials, however, do not exist now in Ireland, emigration having at least been useful in this respect, that it carried off the greater number of those who had graduated in the Rockite school, and were a constant trouble to society.

WE view with some alarm the trials of the new muzzle-loading field guns, in spite of the report of the committee. When are we to find rest for the weary sole of our financial foot? The 10-inch gun experiments begun and ended in one trial shot, as the new trial carriage was shifted out of level, and could not be safely tried again, it was said, but no one can doubt the gun would have made short work of the shield, although the latter holds its own pretty well against the 9-inch gun. The way in which the 10-inch shot passed through 23 feet of solid earth at the rear of the wooden target caused one to reflect. "It was solemn"—at least for the advocates of earthworks as permanent defences where such artillery might be brought to bear against them.

LORD ROBERT MONTAGU, M.P., writing to the Hon. J. M. Henniker-Major, M.P., with reference to the retrospective compensation granted for cattle slaughtered by order of inspectors, between August 26 and November 23, 1865, says:—"With reference to the delay in the payment of compensation claims, considerable time must necessarily be occupied before these claims can be settled, and we have usually deferred making any payments to local authorities until the greater part, if not all, the claims within their jurisdiction have been decided. The amount at the disposal of the Privy Council for compensation is £25,000. We have received applications from upwards of 1,200 claimants for compensation for more 8,000 cattle, valued at upwards of £110,000. The evidence in each of these cases has to be gone into separately. For this purpose reference has to be made to the returns and papers of the period, amounting to more than 10,000 in number, and relating to about 76,000 head of cattle. About four-fifths of these claims have been settled, and upwards of £19,000 awarded."

MR. DYKE, the health officer of the parish of Merthyr Tydfil, has compared the chances of life of children born in wedlock with those of the offspring of illicit intercourse, and has arrived at the following results, which are more suggestive than satisfactory:—Of 100 legitimate children born in the parish, the proportional number of deaths in the first year of age, in 1866, was 19½ per cent.; of 100 illegitimate children in their first year the proportionate number who died was 38½ per cent. The mortality was nearly twice as great in the one case as in the other. And, carrying the investigation a step further, it appears, from analysis of the causes of deaths, that while the mortality of legitimate children from convulsions was 5.07, that of illegitimates from the same cause was 11.76 per cent.; from atrophy the legitimate death-rate was 2.83 per cent., but of illegitimates 10 per cent.

ON Friday, Mr. R. B. Haskard appeared before the sitting magistrates at the Nottingham Police-court, charged with having in his possession the insides of eighteen lace machines, which had been taken away from the factory of Mr. Burton.—Mr. Lees, for the defence, said until Mr. Robert Burton could swear that the insides of these eighteen machines were not the same as those mentioned in a deed now before the Court as being before the Court of Chancery there was no case against his client.—Mr. Cranch, for the prosecution, said that Mr. Burton claimed these insides as his property. He proposed that the case should be dealt with as was the case of "Waters v. the Earl of Shaftesbury." Waters was charged with embezzlement, but there being a dispute about right, the case had been taken to a superior court. He did not wish to put the defendant to any further expense than need be incurred, and only desired the ends of justice to be carried out. He was quite agreeable for the case to be adjourned until the Court of Chancery decided whose property the machines were, the property to remain in the meantime in the hands of the police.—The solicitor to the defence agreed for this course to be taken, and Mr. Haskard was bound over in £100 bond to appear when called upon.

THE Victory flag-ship at Portsmouth is used for a variety of useful purposes, and, amongst others, as a court of justice, a gaol, and a convict prison. There are now four convicts on board, respectively sentenced to ten, eight, seven, and five years' penal servitude. The men sentenced to ten and seven years were machines, serving on board Her Majesty's ship *Flora*, abroad. They robbed and violently assaulted the master at arms, whom they probably would have murdered but for timely assistance. The eight years' convict was convicted for striking a commissioned officer, and the five years' prisoner is Charles Reade, the young man charged with Fenianism on board the *Irresistible*. This convict is an eccentric man, and there is little doubt that a religious fanaticism led him to commit the foolish act for which he is suffering. Reade was a Protestant, and was not long since "converted" to the Roman Catholic faith. Among his numerous papers on board the ship were answers to letters addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and one from Dr. Manning, Roman Catholic prelate. A long essay on the "Organisation of Man," intended for publication, and written by the prisoner, is among the verbatim manuscripts taken from him. There is little doubt that he had no active connection with the Fenian brotherhood, but his sympathies were undoubtedly with his co-religionists. There are five other prisoners sentenced to various periods of imprisonment awaiting disposal on board the Victory.

METROPOLITAN.

ON Saturday afternoon a City policeman found a Fenian placard containing treasonable language posted on the wall of the Mansion House. The placard was written not printed. The language was obvious in its purpose, but the precise sentiments meant to be conveyed were not so clear owing to a certain obscurity in the wording. The constable had not seen the paper posted, as the heavy traffic in front of the Mansion House occupied all his attention.

ON Tuesday evening the members of the D company of London Scottish Rifle Volunteers entertained Captain Lumsden at a supper at the London Tavern. The chair was taken by Lieutenant A. D. Puckle, and the vice-chair by Sergeant Harris. After the cloth had been removed the chairman, in proposing "The Health of the Queen," adverted to the Fenian movement, and said if it did nothing else it helped to show the loyalty of the volunteers to the Sovereign and the forms of the British constitution. The toast was received with loud cheers, as was also "The Health of the Prince and Princess of Wales."

ON Saturday a man named Morelli was charged at the Thames Police-court with feloniously cutting and wounding a man named Hendille, a West Indian creole. The deposition of Hendille had been taken by the magistrates early in the morning, and was to the effect that he was stupid with drink, did not know how he got stabbed, but believed it was done for revenge. The evidence of a witness showed that there had been a quarrel, and that the prisoner "pricked" Hendille. The accused was remanded for a week, and when he is brought up again he will be charged with murder, for Hendille died while the case was before the Court.

THE *John Bull* says there was not standing room on Friday at the Litany in the church of St. Edmund the King, Lombard-street. The Rev. J. L. Lyne preached from the Gospel for the week a striking sermon. In the afternoon there was a Protestant meeting at the London Tavern to protest against Mr. Lyne officiating in this church, where a Mr. Webber seems to have spoken very contemptuously of the Bishop of London, and asserted (what all must know is not correct) that his lordship was about to admit Mr. Lyne to priest's orders. He described a visit he had made to Mr. Lyne's home for Old Men at Laleham (where he said only two old men had ever been) and where the rector had told him the proceedings were awful, and that one youth who had been attracted there was asked by Mr. Lyne whether he would like to see the infant Saviour. On the boy consenting Mr. Lyne went to a place fitted up like a manger, and from some straw took out a wooden figure, which he represented as the Saviour, and which he made the boy kiss. A Mr. Hughes, formerly a Roman Catholic, then a Ritualist at Norwich, and now a Protestant (by abjuration at Mr. Ormeston's temporary church, Islington, on Christmas-day) gave some particulars of the daily life at the Norwich monastery while Mr. Lyne was its superior; but as the truthfulness of his statements was challenged by many gentlemen in the room, it would be neither just nor prudent to publish them. Other speeches of a like character were delivered.

THE Governors of the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy held their third meeting this season on Saturday, at 2, Bloomsbury-place, W.C., to distribute the annual income of certain funds for the benefit of poor curates and other clergymen and their widows and families. The governors attending were the three treasurers, Mr. Alderman Copeland, the Rev. Dr. Vivian, and Mr. Pownall, the Revs. W. J. Crichton and Daniel Moore, and Mr. Jennings and Melville, and Messrs. G. C. Capper, J. R. Kenyon, Q.C., J. W. Thrupp, Thomas Tilson, Joseph Somes, J. E. Johnson, R. Baggallay, and Christopher Hodgson. The total sum given away was £2,804—viz., to 106 clergymen, £1,473; to 43 widows and aged single daughters, £300; and to 70 orphans or other children of clergymen, for education or outfit, &c., £1,031. In May next the governors will fill up the vacancies which have occurred during the past year in their lists of widow and daughter pensioners, numbering in all 712; and in June will be distributed the Midsummer benefactions for clergymen with not less than three children. The governors meet, however, monthly for the consideration of special and urgent cases. The funds are administered without reference to locality, personal influence, or party views, in the Church. The only point to which the governors direct their attention are the personal worth and necessity of the applicants; and when these are established, assistance is given temporarily or permanently, according to the age, income, number of children, and other circumstances of each case.

ATTEMPTED MURDER OF TWO POLICE-CONSTABLES.

ON Saturday night the neighbourhood of Bedford-square, Bloomsbury, was thrown into a state of excitement in consequence of the report of firearms and cries of "Stop thief," "A Fenian," &c. Several special constables, armed with their staves, rushed at once to the scene of excitement which was soon ascertained. Police-sergeant Chown, 5 E, and Police-constable Chamberlain 163 E, received certain information, in consequence of which they placed themselves in Bedford-square, and at about half-past eight o'clock a gentlemanly-looking person came along. Chown stopped him and asked him where he lived, to which he replied "In College-street"; and as he was about to further question him he turned suddenly upon the officer, tripped him up and ran away. The officers pursued him towards Tottenham-court-road, and when within twenty yards of him he turned round and fired a revolver at Chown, who fell the ball whizz by his ear but sustained no injury. He then turned to the other officer and fired at him, and with the same result. The policeman still pursued the would-be murderer round the square, crying out "Stop thief," when a coachman seized him. At the same moment the officer Chamberlain came up and knocked him down. As he was falling he exploded another chamber of the revolver, which burned Chamberlain's hair and blackened the coachman's hand. It afterwards transpired that the bullet from the chamber of the revolver had been stopped in its flight from the barrel by a pin which connected the woodwork with the barrel. Indeed the officer had a most providential escape, for had the third shot taken effect there is no doubt but that he would have used the remaining ones. Sergeant Chown managed to get the revolver (which is about twelve or fourteen inches long, and of American make) away from him, and with the butt-end of which he struck him on the head. A great crowd soon collected, and the prisoner was conveyed to the Police-station in Clerk's-buildings, George-street, Oxford-street, and lodged in one of the cells. Extra policemen were immediately put on duty at and about the station, and they were provided with candles and revolvers. Although there were a great many extravagant rumours, the above are the real facts of the case. The prisoner, who gave the name of Clancy, is a gentlemanly-looking man, with light beard, moustache, and whiskers, and said to be very much like Groves, the man who was charged with the murder of McDonald, the bandsman, which also occurred in this neighbourhood. A person recognised the prisoner as a compositor, working in London. When he was taken before the acting inspector he said he had had a "good hit," and expressed his regret that he had not succeeded in his diabolical attempt to murder. After seeing him safely housed, Sergeant Chown went to College-street, where he had been lodging, and searched the rooms. Several papers were discovered which leave no doubt that the prisoner is an American and had served in the Federal army. A great quantity of ammunition, revolvers, bullets, bullet moulds, lead, cartridges, canisters of powder, and a dagger, were also discovered.

ON Monday the prisoner was brought up at Bow-street, when the magistrate, after hearing the evidence, remanded him.

PROVINCIAL.

THE *Northern Whig* says that no Liberal politician in Ireland, or Liberal journal of character, has endorsed the new agitation for Repeal of the Union.

THE marine who shot the countryman at the wreck of the Chicago has been arrested, and handed over to the civil authorities after an investigation. The wounded man denies that he was plundering the wreck; but considerable plunder has taken place, and seizure of suspicious firearms has been made at the wreck.

THERE has been a Fenian alarm at the Queen's College, Cork, one of the gatekeepers having reported that she saw two men on the wall at night, who said to each other, in consequence of her challenge, "Oh, we are watched," and disappeared. The story has been sufficient to make the inmates uneasy under present circumstances.

WE learn from the *Scotman* that the arrangements for working the traffic of the Caledonian and North British Railway Companies on the plan of a joint-purse, already announced as being virtually decided upon, were on Thursday finally adjusted by the committees of the two boards. A special meeting of the shareholders of the North British Railway, to consider and ratify the heads of agreement, has been called for the last day of the present month.

ON Friday morning the Don Corn Mill, situated in the Wiskey, near the Midland Railway Station, Sheffield, was almost totally destroyed by fire, and a portion of the adjoining buildings, together with a large amount of stock, was much damaged. The mill is worked by Mr. James Crossland, and the buildings belong to Mr. F. Hobson, of the Don Steel Works, which are immediately in front of the mill. The damage is roughly estimated at about £3,000.

ON Thursday morning the shepherd of Mr. Benjamin Spittle, the occupier of Clock House Farm, Ashford, near Staines, discovered that no less than 13 of the sheep were missing, and a minute inspection of the ground showed that a van had been backed close up to the edge, where it was evident the lost sheep had been put into it. The field was bounded on two sides with buildings, one of which was the police-station. Although active inquiries were made in all directions no clue has yet been discovered.

A FEW weeks ago it was reported that the ship Woodstock, Captain Caswell, from Quebec for Grimsby, timber laden, was wrecked at Mancho d'Epic; that eight or nine men were drowned, including the captain and two mates, and that the remainder had saved themselves on some timber, but were badly frost bitten. It further appears that the captain's body has been recovered, and from its appearance there is but little doubt but what he has been murdered. It is very evident that a mutiny had broken out, and that the ship was lost in consequence. The survivors will be detained pending an inquiry into the matter.

A COURT-MARTIAL has been held this week at Weedon Barracks to try Sergeant Francis Maguire, of the 72nd Highlanders, for supposed complicity with Fenianism. Colonel Ellington, of the 4th Battalion Rifle Brigade, was President of the Court; Lieut.-Colonel Main was the Deputy-Judge-Advocate; and Major Hunter, of the 72nd, conducted the prosecution. Evidence was given that the prisoner had joined in a Fenian procession at Manchester, and several soldiers swore to having heard him say that if he could meet with fifty men as brave as himself he would rescue Allen, Gould, and Larkin from prison. With regard to the Fenian procession, the prisoner asserted, and called evidence to prove, that he was only present as a casual spectator, and he denied positively that he had ever used the words imputed to him about the rescue. The finding of the court is not yet known.

ON Saturday afternoon, the Lord Bishop of Oxford re-opened the ancient parish church of Grendon, Underwood, in Bucks, which has undergone considerable repairs and restoration. His lordship has just presided over an influential meeting at Chesham, at which it was resolved to restore the church of that town, from designs by Mr. Gilbert Scott. Towards this object upwards of £2,000 was subscribed on the spot. Within the last few weeks a new church has been opened at Latimers, and another (the gift of the Duke of Buckingham) at Westcott, and restorations have quite recently been effected of the parish churches at Buckingham, Eving, Hanslope, and other places in Bucks. The very extensive restoration of Aylesbury parish church, which has been going on for a couple of years, at a total cost, including previous renovations of the interior, of £11,000, is being extended to the tower and spire, under the directions of Mr. G. Gilbert Scott. Other restorations in the county are to be at once proceeded with.

ON Friday a Board of Trade inquiry into the loss of the *Faerie Queen* was held at the Police-court, Liverpool. On Saturday the judgment of the Court (consisting of Captains Bsker and Hight, and Mr. Raffles, stipendiary magistrate) was delivered as follows:—"In this case the Court feels bound to pronounce the master in default. The loss of the ship may be ascribed to the same causes which have led to so many wrecks of vessels outward bound from this port on the coast of Ireland. The master stood in towards the land for seven hours, and took no list of the lead. Had he done so an hour before the ship struck—a precaution which the question of the mate might well have suggested to him—he would have been warned of approaching danger, and a careful reference to the chart would have confirmed him in this conclusion. Under these circumstances the judgment of the Court is, that the certificate of Mr. Joseph Pearson be, and hereby is, suspended for twelve calendar months from this date, January 18, 1868."

ON Saturday evening the up train from Reading, due at Redhill at 7.10 p.m., met with an accident which might have been attended with very serious consequences. The train, when proceeding through the deep sand cutting about half-way between Reigate and Redhill, suddenly went off the rails owing to a heavy slip of sand having fallen, and covering the up line of rails about a foot deep. The night being very dark the driver was unable to see the obstruction. The engine and tender were thrown on the bank, dragging the train after them; providentially, neither the driver nor the four men were injured except being shaken. The train consisted of only four carriages; that nearest the engine was a first-class one, and was completely smashed, but fortunately no one was inside. Miss Windebank, who was returning home to her parents at Croydon, was thrown out of one of the carriages and received a slight concussion of the brain, but was able to proceed home. The up line was quite blocked up. Mr. Nash, the station master at Redhill; Mr. Bunce, station master at Reigate; Mr. Wetherburn, superintendent of the locomotive department of the South-Eastern Railway, and a large staff of workmen, were quickly on the spot with some powerful jacks to raise the engine and tender, which were thrown on their sides on the bank. All the trains had to proceed on the down line, which necessarily occasioned delay.

A GOOD LAW.—The correspondent of the *Morning Herald* in America says that a law exists in Massachusetts, which provides for the appointment of official guardians to notorious spendthrifts. A person who foolishly wastes his estate in debauchery, gambling, and riotous living may, upon evidence being given of the fact, be declared a spendthrift and placed under official control. A few days since a Bostonian was, under this law, adjudged a "spendthrift," and committed to a guardian's care. Were any legislation of the kind attempted in England, the effect upon Mr. Blenkiron's annual sales of yearlings at Middle Park would be disastrous, and Newmarket—all sharps and no flats—would not be worth visiting.

FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

PRINCE NAPOLEON and Princess Clotilde on Friday honoured Signor Nigra, the Italian ambassador, with their presence at dinner.

In the *Saints Financial* M. E. Forcade comes to the conclusion that a loan of 400 million francs (£16,000,000) will be necessary.

CARDINAL ANDREA, by a Papal brief, has been restored to his cardinalate and its privileges, the Pope having been pleased to accept his expression of regret and penitence.

THE remains of the Emperor Maximilian reached Vienna in a special train on Friday evening, and were received at the Hofburg by the members of the Imperial family. The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon with great pomp, and the body was deposited in the Imperial crypt under the Capuchin Church.

TELEGRAPHIC intelligence from Melbourne to the 28 ult. states that the Duke of Edinburgh, who had been everywhere most magnificently entertained, was to leave for Tasmania on the 4th January. The Supreme Court has decided that all payments made by the Government, without the sanction of an Appropriation Act, are illegal.

THE Parisians announce that the fiances of Paris, the *Jeunes de la Seine* fraternity, are going to give a ball, and that one of its editors has received an invitation. The writer honoured with this polite attention is evidently very proud of it, and he devotes nearly a column to show that fiances are very great and powerful people in Paris. No doubt of it.

THE Paises judge and philanthropist, Manockjee Cursetjee, received last week by the Emperor and Empress of the French, lately became so seriously indisposed as to cause great anxiety to his friends. It was found necessary to have recourse to the skill of Professor Jarjavay, Sir Joseph Olliffe, and Dr. Christopher Smith, and the patient is now in a fair way towards recovery.

THE little Prince Napoleon has just attained the top of the arithmetic class at the Lycée Bonaparte; but although he thus competes with others, his "national" education is carried on from a distance. A professor of the Lycée goes twice a day to the Tuileries and gives to the Prince the lessons which he has given at the colleges, the little Imperial student receiving also the same compositions as the other pupils.

HIS Majesty the King of Italy has conferred upon Sir John Bowring the honour of a knight commandership in the noble Order of St. Maurice, on occasion of the ratification of the Italo-Hawaiian treaty. The Hawaiian Order of Kamehameha I., we understand, was at the same time conferred on the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs, and on the Marquis d'Azeglio, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the British Court.

THE steamer *Celt* arrived off Plymouth on Sunday afternoon, bringing amongst her passengers Captain Faulkner and Mr. Reid, who formed a portion of the Livingstone search expedition. They are satisfied that the adventurous explorer was not murdered, as the Johanna men reported. They followed Livingstone's route up to the neighbourhood where it was alleged he was killed, and found there parties who had carried his luggage five days' journey beyond.

M. FOURNIER, the director of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, having received anonymous letters stating that the theatre was undermined with gunpowder, and that the establishment might be blown up at any moment, thought proper to put himself in communication with the commissary of police, whereupon a search was made in the basement of the building, and two men were found concealed behind a warming apparatus. They were unable to give any account of themselves, or to explain what object they had in view in being where they were found. They were conveyed to the prefecture.

IN France, a "galette" or thin paste cake, with a lucky bean in it, is universally eaten on Twelfth Night, and a legend informs us that the "gâteau des rois" custom is older than either France or England, and says that at the time when there were Visigoths a twelfth-cake was eaten in the palace of their king Alaric. Once, when the bean fell to his share, and in order to save himself from regaling the whole assembly, which was large, he swallowed the bean without saying anything about it. But this unkingly act was punished, for the bean ascended into the nasal organ, remained there, and Alaric spoke through his nose ever afterwards, being the first man that who had ever done so. Twelfth Day is dear, in more ways than one, to collegians in Paris. The University offers them a large triangle of "galette," and they are invited to unite all the "fraternities" and various small objects with which maternal solicitude has gratified them on New Year's Day. The professor then makes an auction mart of his desk, whereon oranges, sweetmeats, books, Chili postage stamps, pocket-books, and tops are piled. "Five sous a 'fondant à la crème'!" he cries; "it's for nothing! Notice to 'gourmands'! Six sous, seven, eight, nine, eighteen sous! Sweetmeat 'à la crème' knocked down at eighteen sous!" And so on. These odd sales produce annually some thousands of francs, which are given to the charitable funds. The senior classes, of course, replace these auctions by subscriptions.

EUROPEAN TOURISTS IN INDIA.

TRAVEL appears to be an unusual number of European tourists in India just now. Dr. Norman Macleod and his colleague, Dr. Watson, are on a missionary tour of inspection in Western India; Prince Frederick of Schleswig-Holstein is travelling through Mysore, in Southern India, and amusing himself with photographing antiquities and hunting wild elephants; Lord John Hervey, the Hon. Mr. Strutt, Mr. Yates Thompson (one of the Liberal candidates at the South Lancashire election in 1865), and Mr. Coore, have recently visited Calcutta, and after carefully inspecting its public places and institutions, have proceeded up the country; and another party, consisting of the Earl of Gosford, Viscount Downe, and Sir Samuel Hayes, have just arrived at Madras after a month's sporting tour in Ceylon, where they killed elephants, buffaloes, spotted deer, a bear, and other game. They now propose to proceed to the Neilgherry Hills and the Mysore districts, where they hope to add a few tigers to the Ceylon "bag" of elephants. Some of the local papers regard it as a hopeful sign for India that British tourists and sportsmen are turning their attention to that country, "even if they aspire to do nothing higher than tasting our curries and shooting our elephants," believing that more important results will follow in due course from a better knowledge of the country by Englishmen of position. There is, however, on the other hand, the risk that during such flying visits hasty generalisations may be made from a limited field of observation which will mislead rather than instruct the judgment in the consideration of Indian questions.

A NEW FRAUD.—A new fraud has been invented on the New York Stock Exchange. A broker borrowed stocks, giving his cheques for them, sold the stocks for cash, deposited the money in bank, and then, confessing judgment to his sister, had his deposit in bank seized by the sheriff to satisfy the judgment. When his cheques for the borrowed stocks were presented for payment they were refused, as there was no money in bank. By this newly invented trick a number of New Yorkers were defrauded on the 28th of December to the amount of \$0,000 dollars.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ROYAL MAISON DOREE (High-street, Camden-town).—A new music hall has sprung up in the neighbourhood of Camden-town to supply an acknowledged want. London is growing so vast that people who live in the suburbs do not care to go to town to be amused. The mountain comes to Mahomet simply because that resolute individual will not go to the mountain. A fitter man than Mr. Edward Weston could not have been found to establish a place of entertainment. Under this well-known *entrepreneur's* management the success of the Maison Dorée is not merely a *succès d'annonce*, it is an unequivocal success. Hundreds are turned away from the doors nightly. The spectacular ballet, entitled the "Island of Jewels," is gorgeous in the extreme. Easily accessible from all parts, the "Golden House" should be visited without delay by all who delight in novelty and perfection combined.

MADAME TUSSAULT'S (Baker-street).—This favourite exhibition is particularly noticeable just now for a life-size portrait-model of Theodore, King of Abyssinia. In the Chamber of Horrors, the curious eye may gaze itself upon the features of Frederick Baker, whose entry in his diary commemorates the nature of his hideous crime:—"Killed a young girl. It was fine and hot!" In addition to these people, there are many American celebrities who are well worth seeing.

GUSTAVE DORE'S PAINTINGS.—At the Egyptian Hall some large pictures of this famous artist's may be seen for the small sum of a shilling. The paintings are in the powerfully-imaginative style of this master of his craft, and should be seen by all lovers of art.

ALHAMBRA PALACE.—The Alhambra, under the direction of Mr. Strange, maintains its place in popular favour. Every evening at eight there is a comic ballet entitled "X. X. X.," a spectacular ballet, "Golden Plumes," with new scenery by Calcott, new dances by Milano, new music by Riviere. The ballet contains 200 performers, and there are 60 instrumentalists in the band. The liberality with which the public are here catered for, ensures a crowded house nightly.

THE LONDON PAVILION.—This is one of the best conducted music hall in London. It is commodious and handsome; the talent engaged by the proprietors is the best of its kind, and we do not know a more agreeable place to spend an evening than this old-established and deservedly-popular establishment.

SYMPATHY FROM WIVES.

AT the present time, on account of the stir which is making with regard to the general advancement of women, their higher education, possibly their admission to the privileges of the franchise, it seems to have entered into some not overwise heads that all this fuss about the sex may have a very bad effect. Highly educated women, it is said, will be utterly incapable of domestic management. Husbands and households will be neglected. The proper relationship of the sexes will be reversed. Man will be made to feel inferior, and a state of society will result, utterly repugnant to our ideas of what is proper, and which would have entirely confounded the notions of our grandmothers.

Certainly, if the only end of every woman's existence is house-keeping, a high education or a cultivated intellect is not necessary for that. As we have heard it said, somewhat forcibly, "Any fool can keep a house." The petty details of house management, the small incomes and outgoings, are within the compass of a very moderately enlightened mind to manage; and the actual physical work to be accomplished is best and most fitly performed by the "hands" of a household whose actual business it is.

We should be truly sorry, however, if the day were ever to come, or even to be wished for, when women who have households of their own should be found incompetent to the management of them. But a good and advanced education will never be the means of leading women to look down upon the acquisition of all that is needful to make homes comfortable and happy. It is, indeed, somewhat too absurd to say that a woman, proved capable of high intellectual culture and pursuits, is thereby disqualified from accomplishing things which are easy even to those who are comparatively "stupid." Indeed, facts, with their stern logic, are entirely against people who argue in this way. A letter signed "Sabilla Novello" (treating of this very subject) furnishes us with notable instances. Mrs. Cowden Clarke (the sister of the writer), we are told, "for months daily cooked a mutton chop for her husband's lunch, when his health required dainty food; for did her Shakespearean studies (she was then writing the "Concordance") ever cause her to burn or to smoke his chop." Again, Mrs. Somerville, so well known by her geographical and philosophical writings, was (we are told by Madame Novello) found one day "correctly making out a washing bill." These ladies proved that their advanced studies by no means disqualified them from the performance of very homely duties.

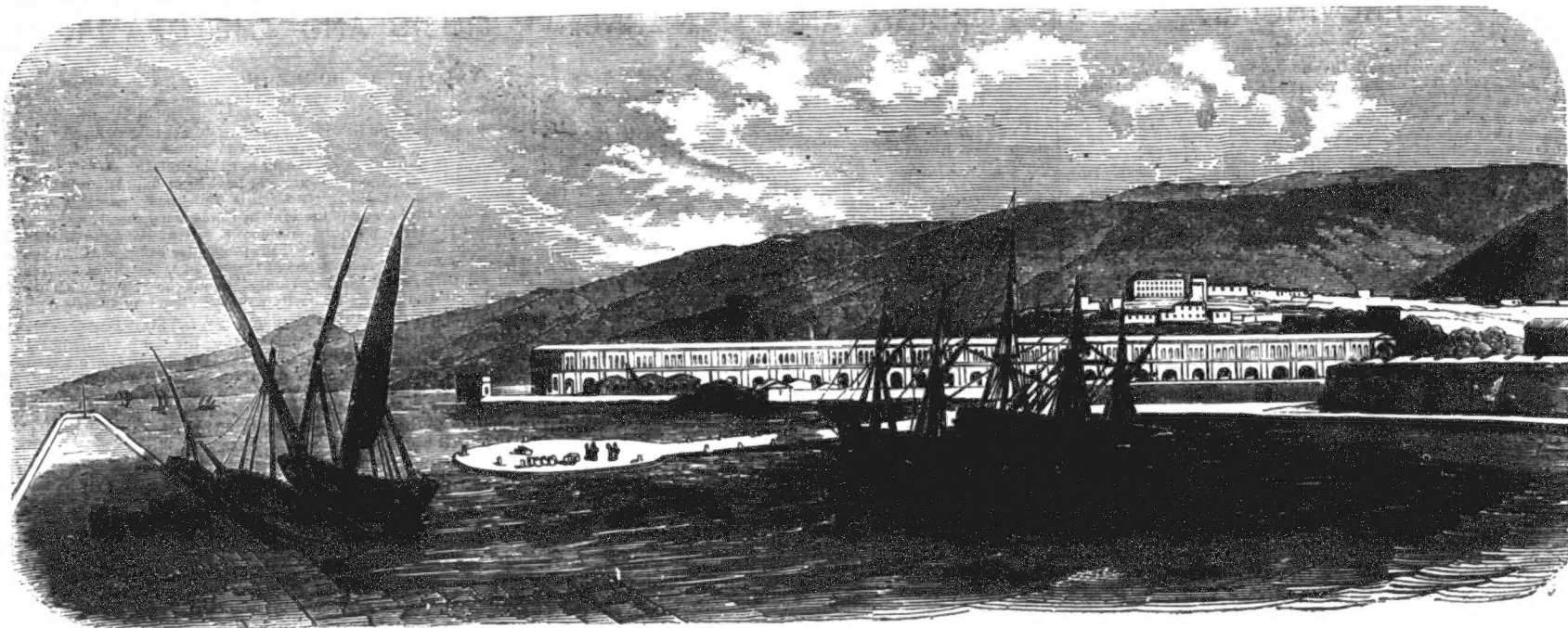
But there is another view to be taken of this minding of homes and households, in which the cultivation of the intellect of women is to be looked upon as highly desirable, instead of as a thing to be greatly reprobated. Madame Novello puts this so well in her letter, that we cannot do better than give her exact words here:—

"A little mental cossetting comforts some men wonderfully. To a man returning home with an incipient cold, a basin of gruel and warmed slippers near a cosy fire are charming, especially when prepared by a smiling wife."

So far, so good. This is the entirely domestic point of view—that which we are told is the proper boundary, beyond which no properly disposed woman need seek to go. See here, however, what more may be said:—

"But cases occur when a husband returns home well in health, but harassed by anxieties or soured by disappointment; then gruel is insane and slippers are ineffectual. Then a woman best minds her husband who can fully enter into even knotty points of law or politics, can sympathise with his plans of great enterprise or philanthropic social reform."

That, under such circumstances as are indicated, gruel should be "insane, and slippers ineffectual," is a touch most true to nature. The consoling of mental griefs and worries by physical comforts is not always possible. But it is just what children do, and some women, who are sometimes affectionate and nothing more. Affection is good; but sometimes affection is wanted—the intelligence which sympathises with the higher troubles of a man's existence, which comprehends, and is capable of yielding advice; and, what is even more consoling, the appreciation of the nature of the anxiety, which can never be got out of a mind that has not at any time experienced more call upon it than that which is needed for looking after a house. One grand object of the higher education of women is to enable them to yield this intelligent sympathy, the secret of a power infinitely stronger and more lasting than any which has for its foundation the mere power of ministering to physical comfort. In this particular good, affectionate, uneducated or badly educated wives not unfrequently fail. When it happens so, they are much to be pitied, for they suffer from the result of a defect, for which they are hardly responsible, but yet which produces a separation real, inevitable, and almost insurmountable, between themselves and at least a part of the lives of their husbands. It is for women to look to it, that, when the day comes in which their husbands demand a sympathy higher and broader than that of the affections only, they shall not be found wanting. If they are, it will, without fail, be matter of regret to them.—*Queen.*



TRIESTE HARBOUR AND LANDING PIER.

TRIESTE HARBOUR AND LANDING PIER.

THE above is an engraving of Trieste Harbour, Landing Pier, and Arsenal, where the body of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian was recently landed, as reported elsewhere.

ORDINARY LUCIFER MATCHES.—The Secretary of the Sun Fire Insurance Office stated to the Commons' Select Committee on Fires of last session, that he considers that carelessness in using ordinary lucifer matches causes to that office a loss of £10,000 a year. Surely statements of this kind should induce everyone to use only BRYANT & MAY'S Patent Safety Matches, which are not poisonous, and light only on the box. These Safety Matches are very generally sold by Grocers, Oilmen, &c.

A FACT in connection with the Russian Court is worth mentioning. The leather exhibited here exemplifies by its important qualities the great value of the well-kept secret of the tanning process for which Russia has so long been famous. Its softness, its durability, its peculiar and pleasant odour, and its imperviousness to wet, recommend this leather for every description of boot. To cover our poor feet, after all there is nothing like leather, and there is no leather like Russian. The fact alluded to is this—that the whole of the best samples in the department have been secured by an Englishman, Mr. S. W. NORMAN, of Westminster-bridge-road, Lambeth.—*The Cosmopolitan*.—[ADVT.]

YALTA.

YALTA or Jalta, of which we give the accompanying engraving, is a handsome modern seaport town of Russia, about 26 miles south of Simpheropol. It is one of the three principal points of the ancient Chersonese, of which Theodosia and Kertch are the other two. Its situation is one of the most picturesque in the south of Russia. Its port is more an ornament than a port for the lading and unlading of vessels. The new houses of this burgh are sheltered by the high mountains of the chain of Yaila. Recently built on the very site of an ancient Greek town, Yalta, according to Demidoff and other travellers, occupies the whole of the northern part of a very spacious bay, between Nikita on the north and Cape Ai-Todor on the south. It is surrounded by beautiful landscapes, perfectly sheltered on one side, while on the other it is exposed to the winds and heavy seas from the south-east. Even after the strong winds are somewhat subsided, the waves in the bay continue agitated for a considerable time, while the sands thrown up from the bottom by the motion of the sea, tend more and more to contract an anchorage already sufficiently inconvenient. Under these circumstances, Yalta can scarcely ever be expected to become a maritime settlement of any importance. It is likely to remain what it has hitherto been, one of those temporary shelters, where sailors may cast anchor for a short time, but which could not be formed into a permanent harbour without an enormous outlay. It is a place of resort during summer for the elite of Odessa.

UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

Messrs. McIVER, the Liverpool ship-owners, have successfully defended an action brought against them by Mr. Fox, a gentleman of Yorkshire, who was severely injured whilst taking a passage to America, on board the Scotia, one of their steamers. Whilst the Scotia was at anchor at Queenstown, Mr. Fox sat on deck reading, and when the dinner bell rang, in his hurry to reach the dining saloon, he mistook his way and contrived to tumble through an open hatchway into the ice-house. For the defence it was shown by Captain Judkins, the commander of the Scotia, that he had commanded that vessel for six years, and had during that time conveyed 25,570 passengers across the Atlantic without a single accident. In a vessel taking in cargo it was inevitable that the hatchways should be open, and passengers ought themselves to act with reasonable caution. The jury held the defence good, and found for the defendants.—On Thursday last Mr. Temple, Q.C., moved in the Court of Exchequer for a rule for a new trial, on the ground that the finding of the jury had been against evidence, and that Captain Judkins was such a handsome and popular man that his evidence had unduly influenced them in his favour. The Chief Baron was of opinion that, as the accident had happened in broad daylight, and as the plaintiff had wandered into a part of the vessel where he had no need to be, the verdict ought to stand, and the other barons concurring, the rule was consequently refused.



VIEW OF YALTA.

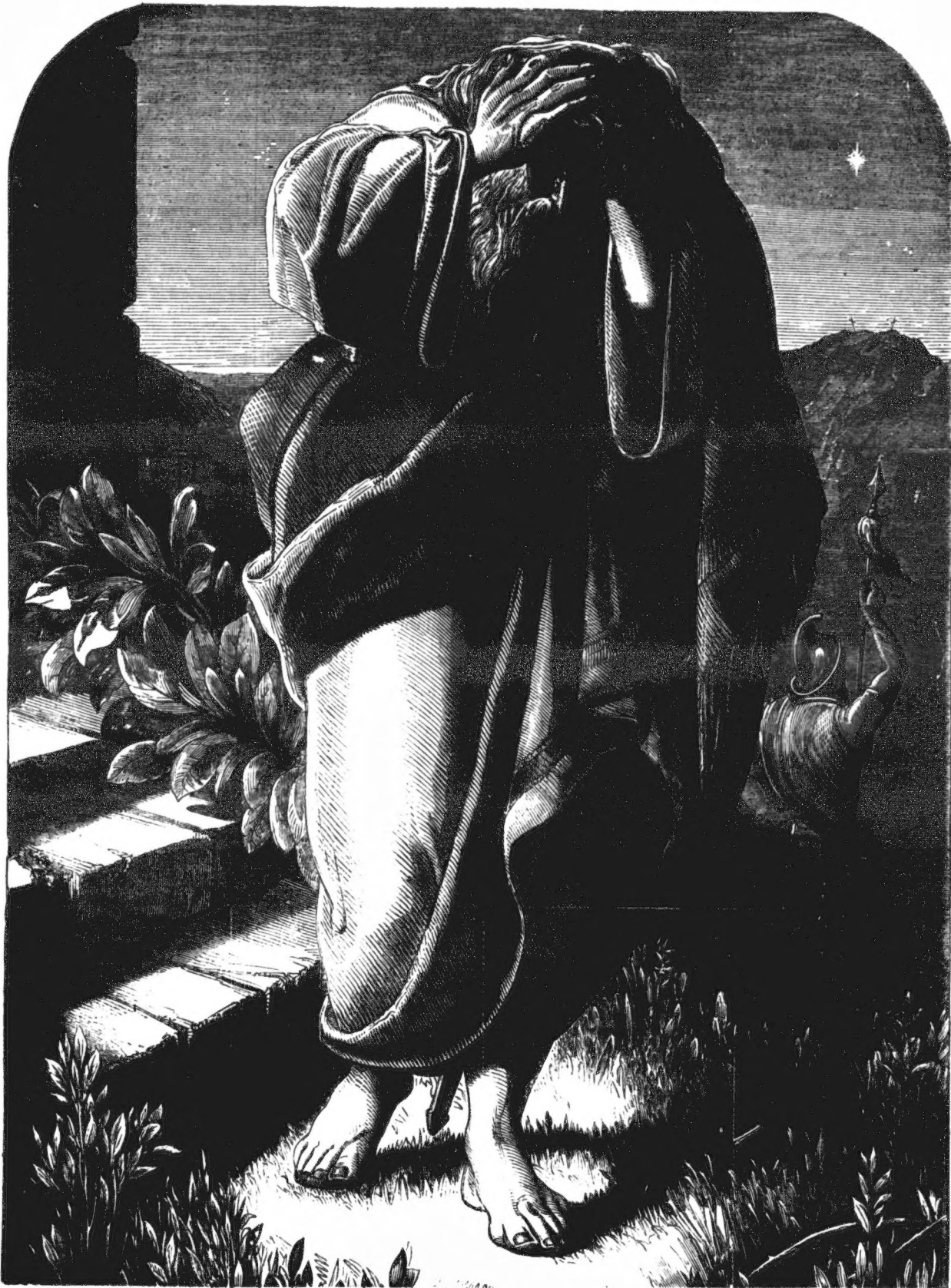
FENIANISM.

A LULL has followed the popular excitement on the subject of Fenianism. One can now afford to confess any extravagances one may have committed, and looks things fairly in the face. Fenianism is a spring of real danger. The Fenians are in the position of undiscovered madmen who may at any moment break out into frenzy. But if Fenianism be not dead, the Fenian leaders must by this time be convinced that it is hopeless to look for sympathy on English ground; or if they, with a consistent misapprehension of facts, still dream of success, we who have our eyes open need not allow our serenity to be disturbed. The subsidence of public excitement ought to produce good effects in another direction. Now that exceptional measures for the maintenance of public safety can no longer be suggested with any chance of acceptance, it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of exceptional measures of legislation to bring universal contentment down from the skies. There has been no scheme for the government of Ireland too puerile or too irrational not to have received some support during the last month from one or other leader of opinion. It is time we should escape from this condition of mental prostration, and to be serious and sober in discussing Irish complaints and Irish proposals. We must discriminate between politic and impolitic requisitions. We cannot abandon our own judgment or concede any demand without an inquiry into the wisdom and propriety of the concession. All that is wanted for the restoration of Ireland to contentment and loyalty is justice and fair dealing. They may not at once effect a cure, but they will in the end secure a lasting peace which no revolutionary changes or magical strokes of statecraft could produce. —Times.

THE POLICE.

THE Chief Commissioner of the London police ought to continue, on Sir Richard Mayne's retirement, to be a civilian. To appoint a soldier Chief Commissioner would be to give a new and very different character to the Metropolitan force, and to introduce a decidedly military element into it. A military Chief Commissioner would of course desire to have military assistant commissioners. And so, in a short time, the heads of the force would all become military, and that notwithstanding the fact that their duties are entirely civil and legal. The Chief Commissioner has chiefly to execute and carry out a long series of statutes on a host of subjects; and with respect to his principal task a military chief would either have to consign himself to legal subordinates, or perpetually to seek instructions from the Home Office. Here, then, would at once be wanting all that sense of personal competence and responsibility which are primary requirements of successful administration. On more popular grounds, a military appointment would be most objectionable. Great changes are necessary to reconcile the honest and well-inclined sections of the metropolis with its police. But to place a soldier at its head would be to instil into all classes greater distrust of the police, not to restore confidence in it. What the people of London desire is not a second garrison, or a gendarmerie, but an effective civil police; not a force commanded by a military man of military reputation, drilled and set up like the Foot Guards, to carry out without discretion or liberty of the slightest deviation the orders of their chief, but a set of intelligent, robust, active, sensible men, who will keep our streets in order, our houses safe, our pockets secure, our Acts of Parliament in activity, our criminal population in check—all work the very antipodes of that of soldiers, and for presiding over which a civilian is obviously the right man. —Daily News.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]



"HE WENT OUT AND WEPT BITTERLY."

THE ALPINE CLUB.

FROM a supplement to the *Alpine Journal*, recently published, which contains an account of new ascents and expeditions accomplished in the summer of 1867, it would appear that the members of the Alpine Club were not idle last year. There are, however, very few high peaks left for first ascents, and the records of the club relate chiefly to more detailed attacks upon points which have been hitherto left untouched in the rage for the highest summits. There are signs, also, of Switzerland becoming exhausted, and the superabundant energy of young England has to be worked off in the bordering districts, in Tyrol, Lombardy, and so on. The Matterhorn has entirely failed to keep up its character, having been ascended by more than one adventurous party, English and otherwise. It was ascended on August 14 by Mr. Grove, accompanied by the guides who conducted Abbé Gorret Amé to the summit on the memorable occasion when Mr. Whymper's party, ascending from another side, reached the summit before their rivals, and paid the penalty of their hardihood by the catastrophe we all remember. Mr. Grove took the route which his guides had discovered on that occasion. Another ascent was made on September 13 by a native party from Val Tournanche, none of whom had previously been to the summit. They were accompanied as far as the base of the final pyramid by a young woman bearing the name of Carrel, a name borne by so many good guides and mountaineers of that district. Two of the party discovered a new and comparatively easy route to the summit, by the south arête, and succeeded in fixing a Manila cord, fifteen yards long, in the only difficult place of the final ascent. By this route the same two men conducted an Englishman to the summit on October 1. Thus, although the Matterhorn will never become a favourite promenade for tourists, it no longer ranks among impossible summits, and can scarcely be called the most dangerous of mountains.

W. P. FRITH, R.A.
WILLIAM POWELL FRITH, whose portrait we give on page 76, first saw the light at Harrogate, in Yorkshire, in 1820. Of the course and direction of his early studies, or of those "early struggles" with which the opening career of most of our famous painters has been beset, we have not been able to learn much; but he became a contributor to the exhibition of the Royal Academy at the early age of 20, and in 1840 his picture of "Malvolio before the Countess Olivia" gained a large meed of praise. His next great success was five years later, when his "Village Pastor," the scene drawn from Goldsmith, raised him, not only into notice, but to fame. He had previously exhibited with much applause a variety of works evincing steady progress, and among which we may mention "The Parting Interview of Leicester and the Countess Amy," a scene from the "Vicar of Wakefield" (that Castalian stream of English painters), "My Wife would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest," a capital scene from the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and a picture of "John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots." His "Village Pastor," however, in 1845, gained him so much favour, as well among his profession as with the public, that he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. In 1846 he painted a companion picture, "The Return from Labour," and a graphically humorous episode from the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." His "English Merry-making a Hundred Years Ago," exhibited in 1847, full as it was of picturesque beauty and graphic unforced humour, gained him an appreciable increase in renown and in position. Close on the heels of this (at least, as close as the annual exhibition of the Academy would permit) followed "The Peasant Girl Accused of Witchcraft" (1848); the "Coming of Age" (1849), a delightful tableau of Elizabethan manners, and which has since been excellently engraved; "Sancho and the Duchess" (1850); "Hogarth at Calais" (1851); and Pope Making Love to Lady

Wortley Montague" (1852), a work possessing great merit, as much for its humorous conception as for its clever execution, and which was exhibited among the Manchester Art Treasures. In 1853 Mr. Frith was elected a Royal Academician. In 1854, a picture painted with consummate ability, "Life at the Sea-side," and in its crowded animation a worthy forerunner of the "Derby Day," showed that Mr. Frith was determined to recur no more to threadbare subjects, drawn from half-read novels, but to fill his portfolio with sketches of the real men and women of the time. And in this his picture of the "Derby Day," attests that he has been eminently successful. We may add, for the information of our fair readers, that Mr. Frith is married, and has a youthful family.

THE BLOOD, THE BLOOD.—When the blood is impure the whole body suffers. Then come indigestion, lowness of spirits, loss of flesh, nervousness, and a general feeling of discomfort. A course of "THE BLOOD PURIFIER," OLD DR. JACOB TOWNSEND'S SASSAPARILLA acts specifically on the blood, purifying it of all vitiated humours. The digestion becomes easy, the spirits buoyant, the body regains its strength, and the mind its tranquillity. Sold by all druggists. Chief Depot, 131, Fleet-street. Caution.—Get the red and blue wrappers with the Old Doctor's head in the centre; no other genuine.—[ADVT.]

THE SKIN OF THE ELAND AS LEATHER.—S. W. NORMAN has returned from the Paris Exhibition with the Russia Leather bought by him, and finds he has many specimens of the Eland as Boot Fronts. Some choice samples adapted for boots from Poland, Prussia, Austria, Switzerland, Baden, Wurtemberg, and Circassia, and many novelties worthy an early inspection.—114 and 116, Westminster Bridge-road.—[ADVT.]

THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Goose with the Golden Eggs—The Babes in the Wood. Seven.

DRURY LANE.—Honeydove's Troubles—Faw, Fee, Fo, Fum Seven.

HAYMARKET.—Family Jars—A Wife Well Won—An Utter Per- version of the Brigand. Seven.

ADELPHI.—Up for the Cattle Show—No Thoroughfare. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Petticoat Parliament—From Grave to Gay—If I Had a Thousand a Year. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—The Colleen Bawn—The Streets of London. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Who's to Win Him?—Cock Robin and Jenny Wren. Seven.

ASTLEY'S.—Harlequin and Little Jack Horner. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—Is He Jealous?—The Needful—The Young Widow. Seven.

STRAND.—Old Salt—The Caliph of Bagdad—Our Domestic. Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—He's a Lunatic—Dearest Than Life—La Vivandiere. Seven.

ST. GEORGE'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Contrabandista—Ching Chow-Hi. Half-past Seven.

HOLBORN.—Flying Scud.—Valentine and Orson. Seven.

NEW ROYALTY.—Humbly—The Latest Edition of Black-Headed Susan—Highly Improbable. Half-past Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—A Dead Shot—How She Loves Him—Box and Cox. Eight.

SURREY.—The Fair One with the Golden Locks—Jane Eyre. Seven.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Little Red Riding Hood. Seven.

STANDARD.—Oranges and Lemons, said the Bells of St. Clement's. Seven.

MARYLEBONE.—Little Bo-Peep who Lost Her Sheep. Seven.

NEW EAST LONDON.—Robin Hood and His Merry Men. Seven.

BRITANNIA.—Don Quixote—Who Did It? Quarter to Seven.

VICTORIA.—Charles the Second and Pretty Nell Gwynne—The Dawn at Day. Seven.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.—Equestrianism. Two and Half-past Seven.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. (Two and Eight.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.

POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's Entertainment. Eight.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels. Three and Eight.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—London Ballad Concerts. Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Macabre's Entertainment, "Bagone Dull Care." Three and Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Gustave's Dore's Great Paintings. Eleven till Nine.

AGRICULTURAL HALL.—Grand Equestrian Entertainment, &c. Two and Half-past Seven.

MADAME TISSAUD'S, Baker-street.—Waxwork Exhibition.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.—Open daily.

THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jermyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 6, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Gardens and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.)

THOMAS DANCE.—We are unable to publish an index to the paper this year, though we shall probably do so for the year ensuing.

T.—Certainly not.

V. V. V.—We cannot add to our list of paid contributors at present.

E. B.—We cannot give you the precise information you want. The circulation of the Illustrated Weekly News is many thousands above the number you name.

The Illustrated Weekly News.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1868.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

"THE BLACK SHEEP IN THE CHURCH."

WHATEVER may be the individual merits of Dr. Colenso, titular Bishop of Natal, we cannot but regard him as *niger*. He was accredited to the heathen as one great and wise amongst us. His power for good and evil was unlimited. Can he be said to have exercised his power for good when, suffering his intellect to be weighed down by the silly quibbling of a Zulu Kaffir, he cast doubts upon the chronology and, *a fortiori*, on the inspiration of the Sacred writers? But what we have specially to complain of is the doctor's determination to remain a member of and devote to his own use the revenues accruing from the very Church which he despises, and which his later teaching has done so much to undermine. Let Dr. Colenso fearlessly proclaim himself a sceptic, informing us how far the insidious diseases with which the Zulu Kaffir inoculated him has penetrated into his mind, and we will give him the meed of praise he deserves for boldly adhering to his

peculiar idiosyncrasy, and giving up friends, money, and position for the sake of the new "faith." Until he does this, Dr. Colenso can merit nothing but the scorn of all honest men. Then he assumes a position in which we should know how to meet him, while at present he hides behind the bulwarks of the Church, a "wolf in sheep's clothing." Having created a disgraceful commotion in England, what is he doing now? His last state is worse than his first. It is hardly a matter for surprise that the friends of Dr. Colenso should be bitterly incensed against the Bishop of Capetown, on the score of his vigorous endeavours to rehabilitate the Church in Natal. From the period of Dr. Colenso's ill-advised return to that colony we have witnessed a scandal without parallel in the modern records of the English Church. A clergyman, legally and canonically deposed from the office of bishop, has defied the authority of his superiors and the force of their sentence, has demanded from the clergy of his former diocese the obedience due only to the office of which he has been deprived, and has professed to discharge the functions which he is incapable of exercising. In a word, Dr. Colenso has been parodying the office of the bishop in the teeth of the interdict of his metropolitan. There are two sections of spectators to whom an exhibition of this kind must have been excessively gratifying. The infidel and freethinking party has not unnaturally chuckled at the temporary success of this bold defiance, which they say exhibits the Church of England saddled with a bishop "whose views are opposed to the whole spirit of the teaching and doctrine of the Christian Church at large from the earliest times down to the present day"—a description of Dr. Colenso's views which, as coming from one of his warmest supporters, may possess a striking interest for the Dean of Westminster. On the other hand, it is quite characteristic of Liberalism, that it should rejoice over a state of things which shows the Church in its weakness. If Dr. Colenso had been a Roman Catholic bishop, or a Dissenting minister, the corrective discipline of his superiors would have been administered without hesitation and obeyed unresistingly, but the English Church is "cribb'd, cabin'd, and confin'd." The State gives it dignity and prestige, but exacts in return a partial surrender of its independence and freedom of action. The Wesleyan Conference, or the General Assembly of the Presbyterian body, would have made short work of a Colenso; but the Natal scandal has lasted for two years, and the Church has seemed powerless to deal with it. This state of things has approved itself equally to both parties. The one has recognised in it the triumph of the apostle of faith, the other the shame and humiliation of the Church of England as an establishment. Dr. Gray, the Bishop of Capetown, has rightly determined to put down Colenso, but his path is beset with difficulties. He came over here, armed with the authority of the Natal clergy and laity in synod assembled, to provide a new bishop. The Lambeth Conference lent Dr. Gray the most cordial support. Dr. Gray has actually selected a clergyman to go out to Natal to supersede the refractory doctor. We are warned that the moment Bishop Macrorie arrives out at Natal he will create a schism. As a matter of fact, it exists already. Dr. Colenso has set himself up as a bishop of the English Church, and he has a following of some four or five clergymen and of a body of laymen presumably not members of the Church. He, his clergy, and his congregations, constitute a schism. The new bishop's mission is to the clergy and laity of the English Church who recognise the validity of the sentence of deposition, and repudiate the pretensions of Dr. Colenso. It is childish nonsense to urge the anomaly that there will be two Bishops of Natal. As a matter of fact, there is neither a bishop nor a see of Natal, if such authorities as the Crown and the Supreme Court of the colony may be quoted. Dr. Colenso may call himself what he likes. He may take a piece of potato-ground, christen it the diocese of Natal, and himself the bishop thereof, and his see will be quite as real as his title; but Dr. Macrorie will certainly not interfere with his caprices in that respect. Dr. Macrorie goes out to assume the headship of a voluntary society which claims to be in full communion with the English Church, and which, therefore, is wholly separate from Dr. Colenso and his followers, of whom the English Church knows nothing whatever. Church and State alike have thrown him overboard, and the solitary evidence that he is "Bishop of Natal" consists in the payment of his salary. The Bishop of Capetown has been wisely advised in refusing to allow himself to be deterred from supplying Dr. Colenso's place. Although Liberalism is arrayed against the bishop, it is essentially the cause of liberty in behalf of which he is contending. The Churchmen of Natal, as much a voluntary body as the Wesleyans are, have appealed for a bishop in the place of Dr. Colenso. There are some who would impose any amount of heresy upon the Church in Natal rather than see their "great arithmetician" cashiered. He is the Pope of the New Gospel which is to supersede the antiquated verities of the Christian religion, and the silly prejudices of a few Churchmen at Natal must yield before the claims of his infallible wisdom. His right to do wrong, to teach heresy, and to defy his superiors and the reprobation of the whole Church, must be upheld at all hazards. No sacrifice of individual liberty is too onerous, so long as Dr. Colenso is allowed to pursue unhindered his great work of explaining away the Bible, and exhibiting as misty fables the cardinal doctrines of the Catholic faith. The claim is so monstrous, and the spirit in which it is urged so tyrannical, that we are persuaded that Dr. Macrorie will enter upon his mission with the sympathy not only of Churchmen, but of all who value religious liberty.

PUBLIC OPINION.

LAW FOR SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

LET us explain some points of law as to the functions of special constables. The question has been asked in some quarters whether a special constable is invested with the peculiar powers attached to members of the metropolitan police force. The answer must clearly be in the negative. Special constables must not attempt to arrest persons for driving furiously, blowing horns, ringing door bells, making slides, or for any other of the seventeen sets of offences named in the 56th section of the Metropolitan Police Act, 1839. The special constable has, however, one considerable advantage over the police. While the penalty for assaulting a policeman is £5, in the case of a special the maximum fine is £20. A special constable is a conservator of the peace, and may for treason-felony, breach of the peace, and some misdemeanours less than felony, committed in his view, apprehend the supposed offender without warrant. He may upon his own view interpose to prevent a breach of the peace, and all persons assisting him at his request are protected. He may not without warrant arrest on a charge of breach of the peace after the affray is over. But during the affray, or where an offence is threatened in his presence to be committed, he may, to avoid a continuance of the breach of the peace, or prevent the offence, arrest the affrayer or party menacing. If he is preventing a breach of the peace, and any person stand in any way to hinder him, he may take such person into custody, but not give him a blow. He may remove a person from church for disturbing the congregation, but he must not detain the party in order to take him before a magistrate. If a landlord turn a disorderly person out of a public-house and the landlord be assaulted, the constable may on view arrest the offender. He may also arrest without warrant for felony upon a reasonable information and charge made by others. Where a constable acts without warrant by virtue of his office, he should, unless the party be previously acquainted with it, notify that he is constable, or that he arrests in the Queen's name, and for what. It will be sufficient, however, if from the circumstances the offender may collect that he is constable; and it is enough if he show his staff. —Law Journal.

THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Six years ago Sir Archibald Alison, in summing up the political character of Lord Castlereagh, observed that in all the leading points on which he was at issue with his times, subsequent events have proved that he was right and they were wrong. It is true, indeed, that the income-tax, for which that great diplomatist incurred so much obloquy, is now accepted and "most applauded" by the Liberal party; but, in other respects, the judgment of Sir Archibald in 1861 is curiously opposed to the facts which the politician is forced to acknowledge in 1867. Unlike the Tories generally, Lord Castlereagh was the steady advocate of Roman Catholic emancipation, while, like them, he resisted reform, and was the resolute opponent of democracy. So far the historian's statements are unimpeachable; but how strange is it to read his corollary that "already Ireland is making more rapid strides in prosperity than any other part of the British dominions," that already the evils of democracy, as shown by an iron despotism in France, and a frightful civil war in America, "have induced a manifest return to Conservative principles," and that experience has so taught the nation the evils of reform that it has "refused to advance farther in the same career." We do not expect from an historian the presence of a prophet. Sir Archibald Alison saw, no doubt, clearly enough what he wished to see at the time; but it is perilous to say that the justice of a statesman's creed is demonstrated because public opinion, which, like the tide, is always ebbing and flowing, seems, for a moment, to be in harmony with it. Nothing is more difficult than to state what the nation desires, and in what it believes, or how far the waves of opinion will advance in one direction or recede in another. This much may be affirmed, however, that as a bigoted Radical is the most prolific breeder of Conservatives, so your arch Tory does at least as much for his opponents as for his own party. Fanaticism, who can say? may prove the finest tonic to our Constitution; and Brightism may add no slight zeal to our admiration of constitutional principles.—Leader.

LORD ST. LEONARDS ON IRELAND.

Generally when great lawyers achieve the peerage they merge their professional names in their titles, and unless peculiar circumstances favour them in their second sphere they do not stand out in history so boldly as if they had, like Lord Brougham, only put a handle to their original designation. To be sure Ellenborough is better remembered than Law; there are stronger associations with Lyndhurst than with Copley, and even Cottenham is more familiar than Peypas; but there are a score of successful jurists whose latter memory is quietly inurned in the peerage. It is more than probable that the great mass of the Irish people are not exactly aware who it is that has just published an *as cathedra* address to Ireland in the columns of the *Times*, and who signs himself "St. Leonards." It has perhaps ere now struck some persons as odd that one of the hardest-headed and most practical of lawyers should have chosen to be ennobled by a title which is suggestive at once of one of Walter Scott's negative heroines and a fashionable watering-place; and the signature of Torquay or Horne-bay would possibly be as appropriate to the barony which Sir Edward Sugden holds. As twice Lord Chancellor of Ireland, when bearing the name of Edward Sugden, the now Lord St. Leonards has possibly some claim to speak oracularly to the Irish people. Indeed, it is said that the noble and learned lord professes to have passed the happiest days of his life in Ireland, and to entertain for its people the most sincere sympathy and regard. It is under the impulse of such feelings, no doubt, that he has come forward to utter some words of solemn warning and advice to his sometime co-dwellers. If the manifesto had begun by a statement of the peculiar qualifications of the individual who made it and the reason why it was made, it might have been more impressive; but, as it is, it is just questionable whether it will not be regarded by those to whom it is addressed as an anonymous lecture on good behaviour and be proportionately efficacious. Besides, how many of the Fenians take in or read the *Times*?—Leader.

RAILWAY MISMANAGEMENT.

It is a singular circumstance that the features of mismanagement and the modes of malversation should be so identical in all railways, whether they are English or Scotch, northern or southern, eastern or western. But the impression of singularity will probably vanish if we study the lists of railway directors under whose management the entire railway enterprise is conducted. It will be found that railway government is comparatively in few hands, and that on every board there are directors who are either directors or prominent shareholders in a great variety of lines. This fact may account not only for the identity exhibited in the phases of mismanagement, and in the devices adopted for tiding upwards, but also for the apparent recklessness with which, against the dictates of all visible reason, semi-inolvent and unremunerative lines are bought up at high cost. Whether there is such a case one cannot undertake to say, but it is perfectly conceivable that a directing shareholder in a large line may have an interest in several smaller ones—the continuance of whose existence depends upon their being absorbed into their big neighbour—so considerable as to make it a matter of moment to him to get his shaky undertakings bought up by the strong and sturdy one of which he is a manager. It may be left to that charity which never faileth to say whether it is not even conceivable that a director so circumstanced may take such a course in all honesty

of intention and persuade himself or allow his interests to persuade him *bona fide* that the policy he recommends and carries is for the good of both parties. It has been the universal practice to make the possession of shares an indispensable qualification for direction. The policy of this condition is doubtful, and railway affairs would be far better and far more straightforwardly administered if administration were entrusted to men of ability outside the railway world, whose views of the principles of government and of policy would be free from the taint of railway traditions and railway intrigues.—*Post*.

LITERATURE.

"Spiritual Wives." By William Hepworth Dixon. With a Portrait of the Author. 2 vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) This is a remarkable book, and we can best show its intention and scope by making a few extracts from it. Mr. Dixon says in the preface:—

"The subject opened in these pages is so far new that scarcely any of the facts are to be found in books. Man in his higher phase has hardly come within the grasp of science, and the histories which shall illustrate his spiritual passions have yet to be compiled. One chapter, in one such history, is diffidently offered in the present work. I have collected my facts in distant places; in the Baltic provinces, in the West of England, on the shores of Lake Ontario, in the new England States. In every case I have seen the people and the places for myself."

THEORY OF SPIRITUAL WIVES.

"The higher theory of spiritual wives may be stated in a few words. The common notion of a legal union between man and woman is an act of pairing for life. At the altar we promise to take each other for good and ill, for better and worse, engaging before the world to dwell together, cleaving one to the other, and to none else, until death shall part us. What do we mean by these large words? That we take each other for life and for life only? That the bargain made in time is only good for time? That the affections, and the ties which bind them, cease with the grave? In short, do we mean that marriage is a temporary bond which has no part in our eternal life? This is the usual teaching of the schools; and in all those countries where the Church still reigns and rules this view of the marriage vow is never impeached by adverse decisions in a court of law. The vow is for life, and for the whole of life. If it lasts until the grave, it ends with the grave. The Latin maxim is, 'Once married, always married.' 'What God has bound let no man put asunder,' says the Western Church. The husband shall be to his wife, the wife shall be to her husband until, until death shall break the seal and tear the record. So far runs the contract, and so far. Death only makes men free. Now, this theory of a marriage vow being good for life—and only for life—is more than simply unsatisfactory to men and women of a certain type of mind; it is absolutely repulsive. Husbands who care nothing for their wives, wives who care little for their husbands, may learn to bear it."

BROTHER PRINCE.

"Prince was born at Bath, in the year of wonder, 1811, the season of the great comet—a thing which his admirers do not seem to have noted, since they would hardly have failed to draw strange morals from such a fact. As a boy, he lived with his mother and sister, gentlefolks who had once seen better days, and who then let lodgings in that city of dowagers, invalids, and preachers. They lived in Widcombe Crescent, Number five; their chief, if not only tenant, being Martha Freeman, a maiden lady of very uncertain age. Martha had money. The daughter of a West Indian planter, she had come from abroad to reside in Bath, on account of her feeble health and declining years, and had taken up her abode in the house of Mrs. Prince, a widow with a brood of boys and girls about her. Martha was a pious woman; a Roman Catholic by birth. Prince was an ailing child, with a very bad stomach, and digestive organs always out of play. Like many other ailing children, he was very much open to religious comfort; delighting in going to church, in reading the Bible, and in saying his prayers. As he now sees and says, he was perfect in the Gospel, even as a child, and before the work of grace had begun in his soul. In these pious exercises he was very much aided and helped by the elderly maiden lady who had come to lodge in his mother's house. 'You will not wonder at his love for Martha,' said Brother Thomas to me, 'when I tell you that he owed his conversion to her—that she was the means of bringing him to God.' . . . In truth, the action of this youth on the old maid, of this old maid on the young man, had been strange and strong. She had made him a Christian; he had made her an Anglican. While she had been drawing him into grace, he had been sapping in her the foundations of her early faith. Each had converted the other. To complete the string of contradictions, he had begun, while still regarding her as his spiritual mother, to look on her as a future wife. She was old enough to have been his mother in the flesh. 'You must not think of Brother Prince,' said Sister Ellen to me, 'as courting and marrying in the usual way, both his wives have been older than himself; Martha was an old woman when he took her.' In fact, he seems never to have thought of Martha as another man would have been sure to think of a lady whom he proposed to make his wife. He dreamt of her only as a bride of the Spirit, as that sister and spouse about whom he had read so much."

INSIDE THE ARCADE OF LOVE.

"Thomas left the room. In a minute he returned to offer me food—a cup of coffee, a biscuit, a glass of wine. Being fresh from my early meal and cigar, I was declining his offer with thanks, when something in his way of pressing his little courtesy upon me struck me as like the manner of an Arab sheikh, who offers you bread and salt, not simply as food, but as a sign of peace. 'Let it be a glass of wine.' A woman brought in a tray with wine and two decanters, one full of a good dry sherry, the other of a sweet new port; which she laid down on a table, and, bidding me help myself, went out. For half an hour I was left alone with these two bottles in the church. Yes, in the church; lounging on a red sofa, near a bright fire, in the coloured light of high lancet windows, filled with rich stained glass; soft cushions beneath my feet; a billiard-table on my right hand; church furniture in oak and brass about me; and above my head the sacred symbol of the Lamb and the Dove, flanked and supported by a rack of billiard-cues. This room, I knew, was that in which the Great Manifestation had taken place; that mystic rite through which living flesh is said to have been reconciled to God. Loving to the eye, calming to the heart, this chamber was, said in 'The stained glass windows shut it in completely from the world, allowing nothing less other than the light of day to penetrate these walls. A rich red Persian carpet covered the floor, in contrast with the dark-brown oaken floor. Red curtains draped the windows, the glass in which was painted with a mystical device; a lamb, a lion, and a dove—the lion standing on a bed of roses, with a banner on which these words are inscribed, 'Oh, Hail, Holy Love!' The chimney-piece was a fine oak frame of Gothic work, let in with mirrors. A harp stood in one corner of the room, a large enterpen in another. A few books lay on the tables, not much used—Young's 'Night Thoughts,' a 'Turner Gallery,' Wordsworth's 'Greece,' and two or three more. Low bookcases ran around the walls, filled with religious volumes. Ivory balls lay on the green baize as if the Sisters had been recently at play. The whole room had in it a hush and splendour which affected the imagination with a kind of awe. How could I help thinking, as I sat alone, of that mystic drama in which Brother Prince had played the part of hero, 'Madonna' Paterson the part of heroine?"

THE DRAWING ROOM.

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE first ball of the season, given at the Tuilleries on Wednesday, the 9th inst., was a most brilliant affair. At nine o'clock the velvet-covered seats in the Salle des Maréchaux were filled with notabilities of the political, military, and the fashionable worlds.

The Papal Nuncio, Lord Lyons, Djemil Pasha, the Prince de Metternich, M. Mon, and most of the other diplomatic personages accredited to the French Court were present. The display of military uniforms was unusually great, Marshals Canrobert, Bazaine, Niel, Vaillant, &c., represented the highest grade, and several pupils of the School of St. Cyr, and of the Polytechnic, the lower scale. About 2,000 persons, it is calculated, were invited. As I entered the Salle des Maréchaux I was quite dazzled by the display of jewels on the arms and necks of the fairer portion of the assemblage. The mines of Golconda might have been ransacked, so plentiful were the diamonds on that particular evening at the Tuilleries.

The anarchy that prevails in the fashions of the day was conspicuously displayed in the head-dresses; close to the side of a lady whose hair was arranged in the style of the First Empire, with curls on her forehead and a coronet of plaits studded with precious stones, there might be seen another youthful head, either ornamented with the laughing Marie Antoinette aigrette or coquettishly crowned like a woman with a bunch of roses.

From time to time the door that conducts to the Empress's private apartments opened, and gave admission to several privileged guests, who had been to greet her Majesty before she made her appearance in the ball-room.

Among these guests I remarked the Princess de Metternich, in a pink tulle dress bouillonnée, and over it a tunic studded thickly over with pink roses; Marshal Malakoff's wife (leaning on the arm of M. de Forcade La Roquette), in a maize satin dress trimmed with white lace, diamonds in her hair, tastefully arranged; Marshal Bazaine's youthful wife, in a white tulle dress, bouillonnée the bouillonnées separated by rouleaux of green satin; a green satin tunic, and an aigrette of diamonds and emeralds in the hair.

I also noticed in the ball-room Mme. Leopold Magnan, wearing a white tulle dress, with a white satin tunic, trimmed with white lace over it. The lace was sewn on without fullness, the edge of the tunic being vandyked. The Marchioness del Barrio (formerly lady-in-waiting to the Empress Charlotte of Mexico) wore a white faille dress, covered with bouillonnées of tulle; two deep bouclées of black lace crossed in the centre of the skirt, and a white satin sash, studded with bows of satin, was worn over the black lace flounces. This manner of arranging lace had a very original effect.

The Empress, who entered the Salle des Maréchaux at ten o'clock, wore a white tulle dress, spangled with silver; the upper part of the skirt was bouillonnée, and the lower half-trimmed with cross-cut bands of straw-coloured satin. The white satin bodice was prolonged into a sort of tunic, and profusely adorned with diamonds. Her Majesty's head-dress consisted of a spray of gold grapes and a cluster of magnificent diamonds.

The Princess Mathilde wore a white tulle dress, with a tunic studded all over with roses of different colours, and looped up on the left side with a garland of similar roses; the head-dress was a splendid diamond coronet. The Emperor was apparently in good spirits; he and the Empress retired after two, but the dancing was kept up an hour later. The Marquis de Lafayette acted as grand chamberlain, in the place of the Duke de Bassano, who is weighed down with grief at the loss of his wife, and has gone to Nice for a time, to recruit his health.

The toilettes at the ball were all made with paniers, and indisputably long trains. The Empire head-dresses had a very acceptable effect with the style of dress worn at the present day.

There were many pink dresses at the ball, principally the new pale shade approaching to salmon colour, and called "Trigone pink." Green was also popular, a soft shade shot with white, and called "Neva green." The sash bows are enormous, and are worn at the back, the sash ends being very wide and very short. Almost all the young ladies wore tarlatans. There was quite a host of beautiful American women; no less than sixty were presented to their Imperial Majesties in the course of the evening, and with scarce an exception they had all been eminently favoured by Madame as regards their personal appearance.

One of these Transatlantic belles wore white trimmed with bands of pale blue satin; the tarlatan formed four wide bouillonnées across the skirt, and satin bands separated the bouillonnées. A blue satin sash, with a spray of pink roses intermingling among the loops at the top of the sash, and another spray on the left side of the bodice. A single rose with diamond leaves formed the only ornament to the luxuriant fair tresses, which were arranged in the simplest manner possible. A large loop was made at the very top of the head, and from it escaped three ringlets of unequal length. The front hair was combed straight back all round the forehead, as in Madame Leball's portrait, and the blonde aureole was slightly dusted with gold powder.

Another belle was in white tulle, the skirt bordered with large purple velvet and gold leaves. A white lace tunic over the skirt, and over the tunic a purple velvet sash fringed with gold; purple velvet leaves round the top of the bodice, and likewise dotted here and there amid the bouillonnées of the berthe. Head-dress purple velvet, garnished with golden leaves.

Skating continues to be all the rage in Paris; no élégante misses a day without going to the Bois de Boulogne, and either skating or being wheeled about on the ice. The Emperor skated on Monday with the Prince Imperial. The most coquettish costumes on the occasion were those worn by the Misses B—. They were made of ribbed velvet, of the colour called "Vesuvius," and were looped up at the sides with satin sash-ends, which terminated with a large bow; a band of blue fox bordered both skirts. A close-fitting cascade, buttoned at the side and trimmed with blue fox, and a black velvet tricorne, likewise bordered with blue fox, completed the costumes.

Sledges driven by horses are occasionally to be seen in the Bois. They are very gay and brilliant-looking, and the harness is covered with bells; that driven by the Prince de Sagan is considered the most original and shining. As the Seine has not been entirely frozen over for twenty years, the skating occasions an immense sensation. In the Bois a young American lady, Miss Beckwith, attracts universal admiration by the agility and grace with which she executes with her skates letters not exceeding one foot and a half in length, the words thus cut in the ice being perfectly legible. Their Majesties watch Miss Beckwith's evolutions with great interest. The young lady is considered to be one of the prettiest and most accomplished of the American colony in Paris.

A very chivalrous act took place the other day on one of the largest lakes in the Bois. The Marchioness de Galliff was in her elegant sledge, and at a short distance from her a Bavarian photographer was skating. The gentleman saw that the sledge would come in contact with him, that he might upset it, and that a serious accident might result, so he voluntarily threw himself down on the ice to prevent any harm to the lady. The act was much admired by all the lookers-on. The Empress went to congratulate him, and graciously named him an honorary member of the Skating Club for his gallantry.—*Queen*.

THE GARDEN.

HYACINTH CULTURE.

GOOD readers, I garden indoors as well as out. Come with me into my sitting-room from amid the snow, and the chilling influence of the biting east wind, and see how I can gild a dreary day like this by an indoor scene that presents a strange but pleasing contrast to the icy fastness without. Long before

Wintry winds have ceased to blow,
And trembling leaves appear,

I have a gay scene within doors, and truthfully and gratefully can I say that—

Nature has her types to show,
Throughout the varying year,

for they are ever before and about me in their annual procession; as one part of it fades away into the past there are the pioneers of another part of it coming into view.

To some eighteen hyacinth glasses I can point as demonstrating the nature of my floral tenants. They form two divisions; the first starting into growth early in October, the second early in December. I do this to secure a succession of bloom I do not always secure. Some hyacinths turn in quicker than others, and it will often happen that varieties forming the second division overtake some of those in the first, pass them, and actually bloom earlier. I simply record the fact, without attempting to deduce a general rule. Practically this experience is but of little value to me, as it is a hobby of mine to grow yearly different varieties to those grown in the preceding year.

See, each glass contains at least six good-sized pieces of charcoal, and in the case of some of the earliest flowers you will observe how the roots have laid hold on the charcoal, as if it found in it a source of strength and support. I have never yet changed the water in any one glass. It is destitute of any disagreeable smell, and the roots are strong, healthily-developed, and suggestive of general well-being. You remark how strong and green the shoots look; yes, I never force them unduly, for they are kept away from the fire, and allowed to have plenty of light and air. I like a slow but strong development, and yet I get them into bloom quite early. You observe that I keep the bulbs one-half submerged in water; quite true. As soon as the shoot makes sensible growth, say about one inch, I then begin to keep the water well about the bulb. Do I find the roots decay in consequence? quite the opposite. I find instead that the bulbs absorb a quantity of moisture as the shoot makes growth, and as soon as the flowers begin to show the faintest signs of colouring I fill up the glass to the very brim with water, and keep it so through the blooming season.

In another fortnight the glasses will be transferred to the window entirely. The shelf formed by the junction of the two sashes half-way up the window makes a shelf on which I can stand eight glasses, and these are kept in their position by a light iron rod attached to a socket on either side of the window. The rod supports the glasses just at the narrow part of the neck. Do I remove the glasses from the window when the sun is on it? No; they are allowed to have all the sun they can get, and when it is fully on them (the aspect of the window is due south) I fill up the glasses twice daily with water, as the evaporation is something extraordinary. The remainder of the glasses occupy the sill of the window, and a small table by it.

Have I exhibited hyacinths in glasses? No; my window is so favourable to their early development that my flowers are always past their best when the earliest of the London shows are held. I grow hyacinths as fine and even finer than those I see at the shows, and I often observe that the hyacinths shown in glasses have not been grown in them, but at some time have been taken out of the pots and transferred to the glasses. My little exhibition, however, is not without its visitors. Neighbours and passers-by stop and admire, and in the pleasure they derive from an inspection of my pets I see one of the highest rewards that can come to me. I love flowers because a pure love for them is so elevating in its tendency and operation, and to awaken in others a love for them and an interest in their cultivation is the main reason why I venture to contribute this paper of "Gossip about My Garden."

CHESS.

THE volume having for its title "The Game of Chess," exhibited by Mr. Lowenthal in the British Section of the Paris Exhibition is now offered for sale.

The book is a splendid bound folio of 230 pages, of vellum paper, containing the weekly articles on Chess contributed by Mr. Lowenthal to the *Era* newspaper during the thirteen years, 1854 to 1866, an epoch remarkable for the number, variety, and brilliancy of the Chess contests which took place, and for the impetus given thereby to the cultivation of the game. The record of many of these matches is to be found in these pages alone. To the amateur it is simply to recall the names of Andersen, Barnes, Bird, Blackburne, Boden, Brien, Burden, Campbell, Cattley, Donaldson, Dufresne, Dubois, Falkbeer, Forbes, Fraser, Gordon, Green, Greenaway, Hampe, Harwitz, Heydebrand, Hirschfeld, Horwitz, Jaenisch, Kenny, Kipping, Kolisch, Lange, Mackenzie, MacDonnell, Medley, Mongredien, Morphy, Neumann, Orousoff, Owen Paulsen, Petroff, Raskin, de Riviere, Rousseau, Sabouroff, Salmon, Stanley, Staunton, Steinitz, Stewart, Tomlinson, Wayte, Wormald, and others, as having taken part therein. In order to give a just idea of the important matter contained, there are more than 1,200 games, contested by the greatest living masters in Chess, all critically and carefully annotated, together with upwards of 600 problems contributed by the finest living composers, supplemented by a mass of original matter, touching on current events, and on the archaeology of the game. A copious index adds to the value of the book, which forms a gallery of Chess Art, in which the student may gather instruction and the veteran recall with pleasure the memory of past conflicts. It is hardly necessary to state that considerable trouble and expense have been incurred in its preparation, and that the volume is unique. Many of the articles, being out of print, had to be re-issued; a reprint of the book would cost at least £500.

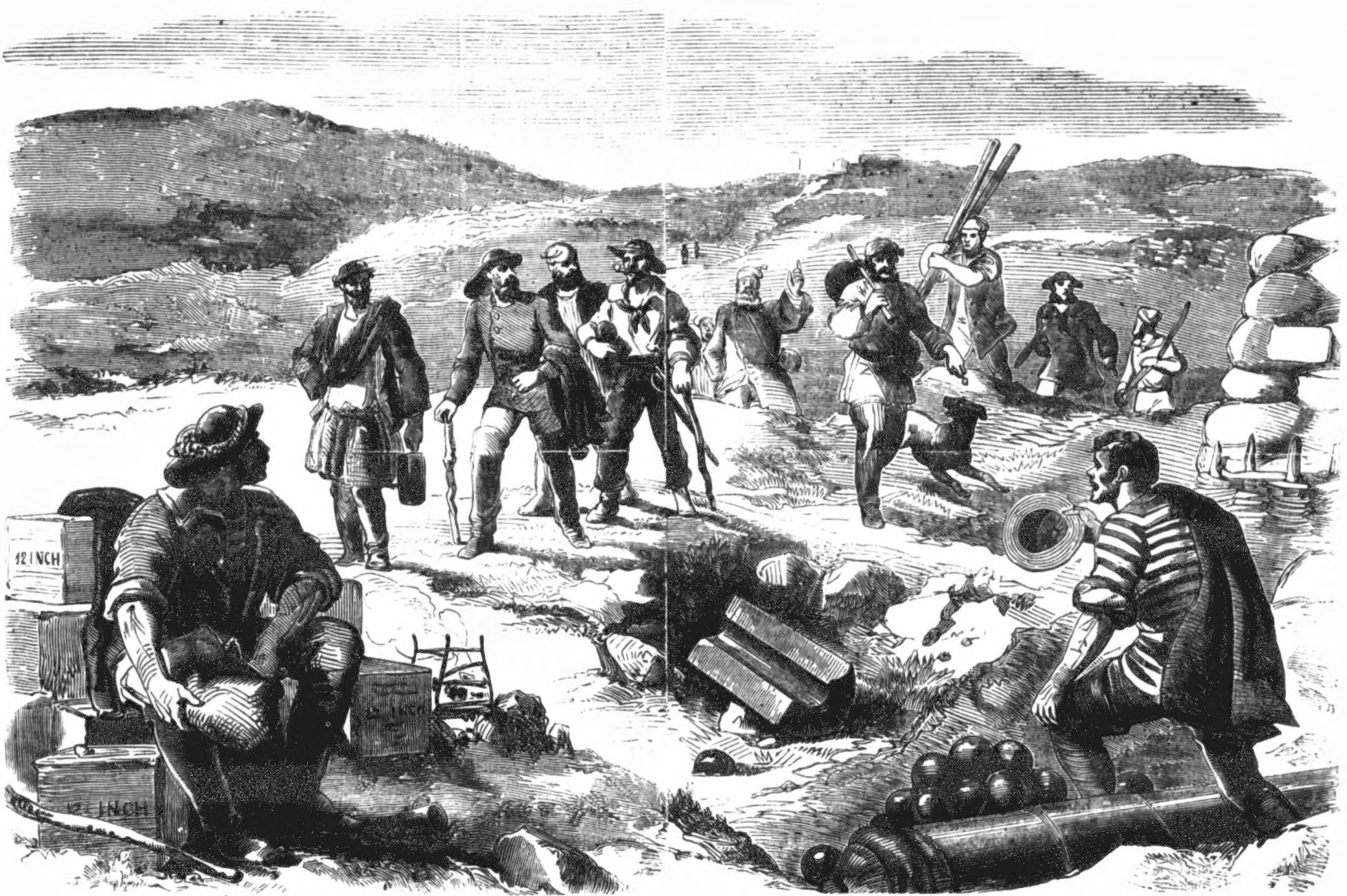
The volume lies for inspection at Messrs. Barthes and Lowell's, 14, Great Marlborough-street, Regent-street, W., where offers of purchase, addressed to Mr. J. Lowenthal, will be received.

THE NATURALISATION QUESTION.

Nothing can be more preposterous than to assert that the denial to a British subject of his faculty of renouncing his country and joining another nationality is a benefit to England. Her subjects ought to be exclusively her own, or to be forced to abandon all pretensions to British nationality. When a British subject deliberately assumes obligations to a foreign Government which are incompatible with his duty to his Sovereign and his country, he should not have the option of retaining the privileges while repudiating the obligations imposed by his birth. It is, on the contrary, the right as well as the policy of his Government to declare that such divided allegiance is worthless, and that the expatriated subject has forfeited the privileges of a native Englishman. But, while taking this position as the basis of our municipal law on the particular point, it would be necessary to exercise great vigilance in framing legislation so as to prevent measures adopted in the interest of the country from being perverted by wicked or seditious men into means for embroiling us with others. Fortunately the question is raised precisely at a conjuncture which suffices to put us all on our guard against such a danger.—*Telegraph*.



JACK'S HOSPITALITY IN THE TIME OF WAR—(FROM A PICTURE).



THE ABYSSINIAN EXPEDITION—A PARTY OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE LOOKING OUT FOR QUARTERS.

The Baddington Peerage.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER IV.—(CONCLUDED.)

INTRODUCES A GENTLEMAN IN DIFFICULTIES.

"I MEAN to say," was the reply, "that it's paid for, by a gent as wos 'ere five minutes ago: come out of a 'ackney coach; hasked if you wos 'ere; hasked wot you wos 'avin; sed he'd be back directly; and o's 'ere now this blessed minit waitin' for to come in."

"In with him, Sim," Pollyblank said hastily and delightedly, and clapping his hand in his breast-pocket as he spoke. "By Jove!" he muttered aside, as the landlord left the room, "it's that queer fish. Now for business."

A gentleman, stout and of the middle height, swathed from head to foot in an ample cloak, whose collar came far above his ears, and almost entirely concealed his face,—in the which last circumstance there was nothing, believe me, very noticeable or mysterious, for the November night was raw and foggy; and in 1830 paletots and talmas were not, and cloaks of the Spanish fashion were, very generally worn—a gentleman answering to this description entered the room as the Blue Pump left it, and, whispering to that licensed victualler as he passed him, who bowed obsequiously, and retiring, closed the door carefully after him, came up to the red fire, and sat down over against Jack Pollyblank.

"Do you know me again?" he asked, unclasping the collar of his cloak, and showing a portly, handsome, middle-aged face, with hair just shot with gray, "Mr. —; but I forgot your name."

"Know you?" Jack Pollyblank answered; "I should rather think I did, Mr. —. But, by Jove, I've forgotten your name too! Never knew it, either," he added mentally.

"There, it does not much matter," his interlocuter broke in. "I have not called on you before now, for reasons. To-night, for reasons too, I came. The people where you live told me, with an ill-grace, that I might find you here, and I have found you. You know what you promised me, what I offered you, and what I want."

"Exactly so," acquiesced Jack.

"Have you got it with you?"

"Here."

"Let me have it then, immediately," said the middle-aged gentleman; and curious to relate, as he spoke, red as was the glow of the fire, Jack Pollyblank observed that his face grew ashy pale.

It was not that facetious but embarrassed individual's business to pry into the causes of his entertainer's discomposure. He very slowly and deliberately took the old pocket-handkerchief from his breast, unwrapped it, then removed the envelopes of soft gray paper, and, discovering the morocco jewel-case, just opened it to show the black, beady serpent coiled up inside, held it out to him that wore the cloak, and then extended to him his other empty palm.

"In matters of business," the business-like and imperturbable Pollyblank observed, "promptitude is every thing."

His middle-aged friend had pounced upon the jewel-case, and had the bead-bracelet in his hand, and was fondling it, and devouring it almost with avid eyes. He seemed not to hear the Captain's remark.

"Take care what you are about," that strange dealer in jewels said, raising his voice. "The ornament's of a brittle nature—you might break it; and there's not one of the same pattern on this side the Cape of Good Hope. Now, Squire, if I might trouble you for the ready."

"Here are four five-pound notes," the individual addressed as "Squire" said, handing him a packet as he spoke. "This bracelet for twenty pounds. That was our agreement; we are quits!"

"Pardon me, Squire," Jack Pollyblank replied politely but

decisively; "in these matters flimsies are of no account. Bless your heart, my worthy sir, Sim Meggot here, of the Blue Pump, wouldn't give more than three-pound ten for a five-pound note. Twenty pounds were our agreement; but I must have those twenty pounds in George or William sovereigns, or I call 'a go.'"

"Do you think I'm a thief?" the other asked angrily, snatching back the notes tendered him by Jack, and pouring from a purse some gold pieces into his hand, which he began to count.

"Far be from me such a suspicion," the Captain, with much unctious explained; "the only danger is, that, particularly if any thing happened, people might take me for a thief. Twenty pounds. That's just it. Thank you. You're quite welcome to the bauble, I'm sure!"

As he greedily clutched at the glittering yellow pieces, and crammed them into his waistcoat's maw, the other rose up, and had wrapped his cloak round him, and had gained the door, and his hand was on the handle of the lock.

"Excuse me," said Pollyblank, "if I ask you one question. Quite confidential, you know; though I daresay you won't tell me the truth. Self or friend?"

The man in the cloak moved impatiently, but muttered something concerning experiments, at which the Captain, for the third time in this chapter, again shook his head, but in a manner thrice more ominous and evil boding.

"MYSELF! then," his companion cried out, with savage brusqueness.

He had opened the door himself, had passed up the narrow entry, and had disappeared before Jack could stop him, even if he had been so minded.

CHAPTER V.

THE NIGHT.

HE who had so curious a taste for trinkets that he could give without murmuring twenty golden pounds for a bracelet of black beads, went out from the tavern in Gravel-lane into the night. There was no hackney-coach waiting for him now, and there was none at hand; but had he not that ample Spanish cloak around him? What then should he care for the rain?

Which began to pour down just then in torrents, rapidly, perpendicularly, persistently, relentlessly, as though the clerk of the weather had been cognisant of the myriads of fools who are always going about the world trying to set the Thames on fire, and were himself benevolently determined to frustrate that aquatic arson. It rained so fast and so fiercely, that though Gravel-lane at most times swarms with gossiping women, and beggars, and drunkards, and impoverished dogs, and hatters more or less mad, the wearer of the Spanish cloak had very nearly the whole street to himself. What few night wanderers were abroad cowered in doorways; the dogs crept into dry places, under carts and empty barrels, and dreamed of unattainable paunch; the hatters went home; and the drunkards thronged all the tippling shops, rejoiced for once to have a legitimate cause for seeking shelter. As the traveller sped onward, and meeting from time to time with a hackney-coach hailed it, he was answered either surlily or derisively that he could by no means lodge in one of those vehicles. He seemed to give up the pursuit of wheeled vehicles under difficulties at last, and walked doggedly on.

It rained so hard that the spirited proprietors of several small chandlers' shops put up their shutters and betook themselves to pipes, despairing of doing any more trade that night; so hard, that the oyster-man, the sprat and apple woman, the renter of the potato-can, and he who sold pies, abandoned out-door traffic in despair, and rushing, rain-streaming, into crowded bars, disposed of their merchandise at alarming sacrifices; so hard, that the panes of the glass lamps were obscured, and the gas within could only give a moist and marshy glimmer; so hard, that the itinerant vendors of umbrellas, who had gone to bed in disgust at the fineness of the day's forepart, woke up, hearing the rain scouring

the window panes, and contemplated dressing, going out, and making a little fortune by the sale of the gishams that night alone, till, hearing it rain even harder still, they concluded there was no place like home, and wrapped themselves—secure rogues!—in their tattered blankets, went to sleep again, and had visions of an Utopia of umbrella-selling where it was always raining, and where it was equally punishable by death for a man to be without a second-hand umbrella as to be with a new one. It rained so hard that Gervase Falcon was wet through, Spanish cloak and all, by the time he had reached the Elephant and Castle.

Of course he had strayed thither, losing his way among the congeries of roads—leading all and always to the Elephant, but apparently nowhere else—with which malevolent surveyors have ornamented, but decidedly failed to utilise, the boroughs of Lambeth and Southwark. And the Elephant even, to him unused to these unaristocratic localities, was not much of an oasis in the watery desert. He might have wandered up roads and down roads, finding himself still close to the Elephant, till morning; but by chance there happened to be a solitary hackney-coach disengaged, at the door of that renowned hostelry. He cast himself into the vehicle, and told the coachman to drive him home. Home, you understand; to that fine mansion in Grosvenor-square, where there had been the brave wedding that morning.

Was it that the gas was of inferior quality in 1830, or that indeed the lamps were affected by the prevalent moisture, or that Gervase Falcon's eyes were dimmed and weakly? For, though gas was plentiful enough, and there were numerous shops still open, he seemed to be journeying through a valley of black shadows. He did not see the gaily-lit taverns, the flaring butchers', which keep open so late as to give cause for assumption that the lower classes of this country are considerably more addicted to hot-meat suppers than is generally supposed; but he could always see the red and green bottles in the chemists' shop-windows, and looked inquisitively at the reflections of their particular show-flasks in the wet pavement. There were a great many chemists' shops between the Elephant and Castle and Grosvenor-square.

So many that as he was nearing the termination of his journey he stopped the coach in Mount-street, and alighting at a shop full of medical Bengal lights in the shape of bottles, asked the lad who was dozing behind the counter for some scented lozenges—something he wanted, he said, to take away the smell of smoking. The youthful Galen, who was very sleepy and very stupid, began to rummage fitfully among the stock, in the hope that something might turn up—cantharides, tincture of rhubarb, colocynth, prepared lint, or spirits of wine—which the customer might think was the right thing, and so purchase; for chemists and chemists' assistants were not nearly so careful or so attentive in supplying the right drugs in 1830 as in 1860. Accidents did really happen then sometimes, from gross negligence, which they never do now; oh dear, no! under any circumstances.

As the customer, however, wanted lozenges, and would have naught but lozenges, the sleepy lad was fain to summon his master, who—a little, round, punchy man, with a bald head like a Dutch cheese—came out of his comfortable back parlour, very warm and shining, and with a balmy odour of pork-chops about him, as if he had been disturbed from his supper. "Lozenges to take away the smell of smoking, did the gentleman want? Surely, surely. Here were some now" (taking them triumphantly from a jar labelled "Tamarinds") "that would take away the smell of anything from tobacco to turpentine, but were extra good for smoking. Would the gentleman take an ounce of those lozenges, the celebrated Tee-loo-goo Pectoral Comfits, recommended by the faculty?"

"Yes, the gentleman would take them. They were tied up, he paid for them, and re-entered the coach, sucking one of the lozenges as he rode—to judge, doubtless, of their efficacy in taking away the smell of tobacco-smoke; he who had never touched a pipe or a

cigar in his life. Was he about to commence that baleful habit of tobacco-smoking now?

He dismissed the hackney-coach at the corner of Grosvenor-square, and walked towards his own house through the rain. He paid the coachman his fare, so prodigious a one (even for a hackney-coach fare) that the Jarvey quite lost his self-possession, and was almost inclined to quarrel with the generous traveller for not giving him cause to grumble. He compromised the matter, however, by swearing at his horses, and with tongue and whip led those forlorn animals a terrible life, till he obtained another fare in North Audley-street, who was a stingy fare, and not paying him more than twice his due afforded Jarvey an opportunity of abusing him till he had smoothed his ruffled spirits.

It was strange that a wayfarer from home so late, and in so fearful a night, should, when close to a luxurious abode, seem reluctant to enter it; yet Gervase Falcon walked three times round Grosvenor-square, in the rain, before he stopped even at the door of his own fine house. Once he leaned against the railings, as if faint and weary; once he turned, as though he would retrace his footsteps away from the square altogether; once he stopped beneath a gas-lamp and drew out that morocco-case that held the bracelet like a serpent, sheltering it as well as he could from the rain with his cloak. But a great splash of moisture came and blurred the dainty white-satin lining of the case, and he hastily shut it and walked on.

The neighbouring church-clock struck out twelve slowly and timidly, as though it too were wet through and dispirited. Gervase Falcon waited till the last peal of the bell had died away with a moist echo, like the sigh of an expiring wave, and then he went up his white and black marble chequered steps, opened his door with a latch-key, and so into the hall of his grand house.

Where all was still as Death. Gervase Falcon, being a great, good, and rich man, kept a hall-porter, of course—a fat hall-porter—a very Great Tun of Heidelberg in livery; but being also a merciful man, he was merciful to that obese amalgam of three funkies rolled into one, and suffered him to sleep in his comfortable bed, instead of keeping night-watch in the huge, black alcove of a hall-chair, which, all leather and gilt nails—a very bower of Beef and British respectability—snored by itself in a remote corner of the great hall, where it loomed among the shadows imposingly. His own silver bed-candlestick, with its waxen taper and chased extinguisher, awaited him on a slab. He took it and went upstairs, creeping carefully as though he feared to wake the mice, or to trouble the innocent dreams of the black-beetles in the coal-cellar. I have heard that there are black-beetles even in Grosvenor-square, and that a daddy-longlegs has been detected ere now in the basement of Buckingham Palace. The most devoted husband, coming home from his club, could not have been more considerate. But Gervase Falcon had always been distinguished as a respectable man.

There did not, on the face of the facts, appear to be much necessity for all this caution on the part of the Master of the house. It had but just chimed midnight, which was by no means a late or dissipated hour for so grand and so fashionable a dwelling. Aitchbone, the hall-porter, though released from the night-watch it is true, had by no means gone to bed yet, but was indulging in placid intercommunication with John-Peter and his comrades in the servants' hall below. But then Mr. Falcon had always been so considerate a gentleman, so kind a master. He did not like to disturb the servants unnecessarily, even at that comparatively early hour.

For so devoted a husband and so respectable a man, it was passing strange that he should not at once have repaired to the sleeping apartment of his own lawful wife. His lawful wife, certainly! But it was not to Caroline Falcon's bedchamber that Gervase Falcon betook himself, but to that impromptu sick-room whither the wretched woman who had fallen down dead drunk in the hall had been removed. As he stole softly up, like a thief in the night—and, indeed, he was intent on robbery, for he who takes away ought, not his own to give, is a robber—he kept whispering to himself, whispering over and over again—

"To uncrew the tail end of the clasp, and take the fourth bead on the string, and warm it at the candle—warm it at the candle. Yes, that was what he told me—that was what he told me."

Softly, oh! so softly he went into the room where the sick person had been. Lint, nurse, by the side of the bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn. Lint, nurse, fast in a stolid, stony sleep. He felt immensely relieved when he found Lint, nurse, so fast asleep—so close to the table where the physic bottles and empty cups and glasses were.

He had had the morocco-case out before this, and had drawn off some beads, and held one between his finger and thumb. He cast a covetous eye towards the candle in its night-shade, as though he would have liked to warm something in its light; but Lint, nurse, might wake, so he refrained, just then; for he must be cautious. He kept repeating to himself that he must be very cautious.

Cautious! the devils must have laughed to hear him! With all his caution he had been patiently accumulating a body of evidence against himself, from the moment he had called the hackney-coach that evening—enough to hang him as high as Haman.

He had slipped the shining black bead, that was the fourth from the tail-end of the clasp, into his waistcoat-pocket. The morocco-case lay on the table. There was a curious clasp to that curious bracelet—the head and tail of the serpent; and when the clasp was closed the tail was in the serpent's mouth—a curious emblem, and a very fit one.

He thought it fit and curious, as, glancing again at Lint, nurse, and satisfying himself that she was still fast asleep, he, with a hand that had been unaccountably shaking all that day, and was shaking more than ever now,—he, with a face ghastlier, and eyes more terrible than at any time before, drew aside the curtains of the bed to look upon the sick woman.

As Judith to look on Holofernes, as Jael on Sisera; as Brinvilliers on her husband; as Theodore Broughton, as Castragnes on their victims.

Murder before Heaven! Murder most foul and most unnatural! Wilful, barbarous, horrid murder!

Not yet.

Stolen out while Lint, nurse, slept. Spirited away—forced away, inveigled away—it mattered not. The bed was empty—the wretched woman was gone; the Skeleton-Secret was abroad again, stalking forth like the pestilence at noonday.

In a paroxysm of rage and terror, he fell now to shaking the heavy sleeping nurse, now to tugging at the bedroom bell; but for all he shook, and almost buffeted the insensible Lint, she neither opened eye nor spoke word.

Downstairs they were more wakeful. John-Peter came up frightened: imagining that the mad woman had arisen from her bed, and was performing a fantasia on the bell, intending to call him, John-Peter, upstairs and devour him; or that she had fallen on Mrs. Lint, and rent that attendant on the sick asunder. He was the more amazed to find the bed empty, and his master standing on the carpet, ghastly and furious.

"Where is she?"

The domestic could no more answer than he could have conjured a Greek verb. All he could say was that Mr. Tinctop had visited the invalid about nine o'clock—that the porter being at supper in the servants' hall, he, John-Peter, had let the surgeon's assistant out, and had been told by him that the patient was getting on nicely. And this was all he knew, he was sure.

John-Peter omitted to mention—perhaps he forgot it—that Mr. Tinctop—(baffled gent that; no pride about 'im, has there is about some deppity doctors)—had, at the time he opened the street-

door for him, presented him with a bright half-crown wherewith to drink his "elth"; and that he, John-Peter, who had partaken of mixed liquors on that exciting day to float a four-oared cutter, had just slipped round "promiscuous" to the house of refreshment much frequented by the gentlemen of his cloth—to partake of a "cooler," after his unwonted potations. He had discreetly left the door ajar, and returning (after some ten minutes' enjoyment of the "cooler" and the conversation of some other gentlemen in livery, moving in the most fashionable circles) found the rain beginning to ascend. The particulars, however, being *cosas de España*, "affairs of Egypt," or at least matters appertaining to the Royal Arch, the grand orient of masonic flunkeydom, could not possibly have interested his master—how should they?—So John-Peter discreetly said nothing about them.

Where was Mrs. Falcon?

She had ordered the carriage shortly after Mr. Falcon left, and had been driven to Lord Baddington's, in Curzon-street. The coachman was to fetch her, with Enry as footman, at twelve. They were gone to fetch her now.

He might go.

So, John-Peter being also departed, Gervase Falcon took the candle from the night-shade and held it before the face of the sleeping nurse. He shook her again roughly by the shoulder, and bawled in her ear—still unavailingly. She snored heavily on.

He sat down in an easy chair by the empty bedside—the bed which, tumbled and tossed about, and with its downy billows throwing great black shadows, looked like a grave newly rifled of a corpse; the bed, in the folds of whose heavy drapery mocking devils seemed to hide, pointing at him with denouncing fingers; the bed, every sprig and flower in the pattern of whose furniture had a face in it with fierce, staring eyes; and, with his heavy hands, tried to think, and to form a plan of action. He formed his plans as drunken men frame schemes of impossible achievements; and mad letters they will write to women they love, believing strongly in their feasibility for the thousandth part of a second, and then dismissing them with a desperate laugh. The nurse had been drugged: it was easy to see that. That villain Fleem had stolen the woman away. No; it was not Fleem, it was Tinctop; a fellow who, yesterday, he would have thought unworthy to garter his hose: a wretch of a doctor's boy: a miserable pill-blister—a low-life hound of an apothecary—so he called him in that proud, vengeful, aristocratic mind of his—but who was his master now. Slay, it was his wife. Should he kill her, Tinctop, Fleem? Kill them all? His wife was at his Uncle Baddington's. They were in full conclave about him. She—the woman—was there, denouncing him. His eyeballs grew hot at the thought: the vessels in his throat seemed to collapse, his teeth chattered, a ring of cold sweat crowned his forehead, and his heart moved upon itself like a sick man on his weary pallet. Just then a cinder fell from the grate on to the hearth, and he shivered in every limb, and the hair of his flesh stood up.

Who could he bribe? Whose silence could he buy? Fleem—Tinctop? He was not a rich man; still he could raise thousands on his name. But he could not bribe them all. He could not bribe her. It was too late.

He would fly. But whither? He would deny it all. To what avail? It was too late, too late, for all save One thing.

Should he wait? For what? For exposure, detection, infamy, disgrace, beggary, ruin. No; it were better so, better so, much better so. God forgive him. He listened for a moment at the door, to be certain that there was no one coming upstairs. He held the candle again to the nurse's face to see if she still slept; and still did she sleep. He did not try to wake her now, for it were better so. God forgive him.

The fourth bead from the tail-end of the clasp must be warmed at the candle. Sleep on, Nurse Lint; for the trembling fingers hold the bead, and warm it, warm it—till, strangely, this seeming crystal globe grows soft and elastic. Sleep on, Nurse Lint, Gervase Falcon has drawn the curtains, and is on his knees by the bedside. He has slipped all the beads, save one, on to the string, and has closed the clasp again, and laid the trinket, coiled up in its case, on the table.

He raised himself on his knees, and thrusting the globe he had warmed into his mouth, crunched it between his teeth, and swallowed it. Then fell forward on his face DEAD.

Watchman, what of the night? The night was gone and past for Gervase Falcon. The DAWN was come, paling for him the horizon of Eternity. Now, wake up Nurse Lint, and wake up all the house, and take this man, and bury him in a crimson-velvet box, for he is a lord's nephew.

(To be continued.)

THE EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE AT MANCHESTER.

THE names of those present at the recent conference at Manchester show that all parts of England and all denominations were represented, and that Messrs. Bruce and Forster will henceforth speak in the name of a powerful constituency. A serious error was, however, committed by the conference in making, not only compulsory school attendance, but universal compulsory school attendance, an essential element of their policy. Let it be granted that no insuperable objection of principle can be urged against it. Let it be granted, again, that, as one speaker observed, what has been done by the Saxons can be done by the Anglo-Saxons, notwithstanding the existence in England of most formidable obstacles unknown in Saxony. Let it even be granted that, if the law were heartily sanctioned by public opinion, habit would do much to reconcile English parents to State interference with their rights and duties. Still, it is self-evident that without the hearty sanction of public opinion Parliament will never approve so violent a change, and that even if Parliament should approve it, it must remain a dead letter.—*Times*.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS.

THE chances are, perhaps, in favour of the continued existence of the present Ministry during the year which must precede a dissolution. Mr. Disraeli is the object of general distrust and of deep resentment, nor has he conciliated any section of the party to which he has sacrificed all the professions and principles of his own followers, but he understands how to manage the present House of Commons, and there is no rival whose accession to his place is eagerly desired. Mr. Gladstone would be preferred by the country and by many repentant members on both sides of the House, but he would not take office without Mr. Bright, and the existing Parliament is not prepared to accept the necessary consequence of an organic revolution. Among the former occupants of office Mr. Gladstone stands alone, for his colleagues, though some of them are able and useful, command little public attention or confidence. The Liberal party possessed a great advantage in the control which its leaders, as members of the Government, exercised over their extreme allies; and, if they had not been driven from power, they would have been better able than the present Government to deal with at least the milder forms of sedition. If on any important question the Government is left in a minority, resignation will be almost inevitable, as the ordinary alternative of dissolution will be practically unavailable until the new voters are registered; but it is not likely that any irreconcilable difference of opinion will arise on the Scotch or Irish Reform Bills, nor was the House of Commons disposed in the last session to second Mr. Gladstone's pugnacity. For another year the levity of Lord Derby and the cynicism of Mr. Disraeli will be tolerated, and the public confidence in Lord Stanley's administration of the Foreign Office will correct the impatience which might otherwise be felt for a change of Government.—*Saturday Review*.

The Poisoner's Daughter:

A TALE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ST. LUKE READS A MS.

THERE was nothing in the appearance of the unknown by which the alchemist could recognise him. The mask entirely covered his features, the dark, fierce eyes only excepted. The loosely-fitting garb, as well as the flowing cloak, hid every peculiarity of form; while even the colour of the hair could not be discovered, for the cowl of the cloak was drawn up over the steel cap.

The hands were covered with gauntlets of leather, which reached far above the wrists. The size of the feet could not be guessed at beneath the huge rosettes of ribbon which ornamented the shoes of the unknown.

There was nothing, therefore, of the person of the unknown visible except those dark, fierce eyes; and by that light it was impossible to discern through the eye-holes of the mask whether those eyes were black, blue, grey, or hazel. They seemed to be as black as jet, yet they might be a dark blue or grey.

"I do not know you," thought the alchemist, "but I see that St. Luke has confidence in you."

"Listen," said St. Luke, in a tone of authority.

"Wait," remarked the alchemist, "you have a miserable light there. Here, take this lamp, or you have one unlighted by you; light that."

St. Luke complied, for the light was poor, and the MS. finely written; but he had no sooner lighted the other lamp than the unknown advanced and extinguished it.

The lamp was that which had caused the death of John Blair. "Ah!" thought the alchemist, "the mask may be more formidable than St. Luke. But for the mask, the colonel would not have lived to read his MS."

The unknown had extinguished the lamp without removing his eyes from the face of the alchemist. He had advanced to the table, crushed out the flame with his gloved hand, and then, retiring with slow and steady backward steps, resumed his former station.

St. Luke began to read—

"Henry Redburn, and Herbert his brother, are the sons of Sir Richard Redburn of Essex, who died in 1608. Henry Redburn, the elder brother by two years, fell heir to the hereditary baronetcy and landed estates; but the love of the father had well provided for the welfare of Herbert, the younger brother, and bequeathed to him all unentailed lands and one-half of the personal effects, money, &c."

"Ah!" said the alchemist, "it is a family biography we are to be treated with. I detest family biographies. Let us dispense with all that."

"We will dispense with your interruption, sir," replied St. Luke, tartly.

"Oh, very well. Then allow me to smoke, as I must be interested to be patient. May I smoke?"

"Smoke away, and keep silence," said St. Luke, displeased with the insulting air of the alchemist.

"Thank you," replied the latter, as his eyes sparkled; and taking a pipe from a shelf behind him, he lighted it and began to smoke, with the easy contented air of a devoted lover of that weed which Sir Walter Raleigh had introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The unknown advanced again and whispered to St. Luke, who instantly grasped a pistol and cried out—

"Throw that pipe down, poisoner!"

"Ah!" thought the alchemist, quietly laying aside the pipe, "I was right—the mask is more formidable than St. Luke. If I had smoked five minutes, my escape would have been easily made. Both St. Luke and his guardian would have become stupefied from its effect."

"Herbert Redburn," said Colonel St. Luke, in a tone of sharp menace, "I believe you to be my father, and I wish to prove you to be so. I would dislike to take the life of my father, but if you again attempt mine, I must take yours to defend mine. There is no love between us, though we are father and son. Why I have come here you will soon learn, if you listen; and if you do not listen, then the protection, the mercy which is now granted you shall be turned into vengeance."

"Vengeance! Then you have something with me to avenge?"

"Yes, the wrongs of my mother," replied St. Luke, with icy bitterness.

"Ah! the wrongs of your mother? Let us hear them," said the alchemist.

St. Luke resumed the MS.—

"From his early youth he was singularly precocious. Herbert Redburn evinced a powerful desire to acquire wealth, and a fondness of reckless, dissipated life. From his early youth he hated his brother Henry, whose character, morally, was totally opposite to his own. Yet, with masterly cunning, Herbert concealed that hate and envy until he succeeded in working the ruin of his brother's happiness. Sir Henry was of a calm and meditative nature, while Herbert was wild, speculative, ambitious, and avaricious. He was fond of illicit pleasures, and never hesitated to trample upon honour, truth, innocence, and virtue, if any or all stood in his way. The fierce recklessness of his character, after the death of his father, soon acquired for him the name of Wild Redburn in Essex."

"A young man of his character, of course, soon became involved in a duel; and, being badly wounded, he turned all his energies to the acquirement of perfect skill in the use of weapons of all kinds, especially of the sword."

"In fencing he became so expert that none could rival him. He far excelled his teachers, and invented thrusts, tricks, and stratagems which ever proved fatal to his adversaries."

"His reputation and fatality became so well known, that none dared meet his blade, and many bore his insults and injuries without daring to resent them openly. But secret and persevering enemies arose, and as he could not force them to become his antagonists in the *duello*, and as he dared not play open murderer, to be rid of those who stood before his path, or in the path of his desires, or who excited his fears in any manner, he became an assassin—the basest of all assassins—a poisoner."

"This was long in being suspected, longer in being known. He pretended to study alchemy from love of science, but it was to arm himself with the most powerful and insidious poisons; to surround himself with a fortress of antidotes to his own poisons. He studied poisons as a profession, as a necessity. With all ancient and modern poisons, all the poisons of Europe, and of the Old World, and of the New World, he made himself familiar—as familiar as a cook is with the commonest sauces of the table. The cunning poisons of the Hindoos, the Orientals, mineral, vegetable, and atmospheric, he learned perfectly. He invented or discovered poisons. He lived, as it were, in an atmosphere of venom; he breathed poison, he distilled poison, he dreamed poison."

"Thus, from studying the art of poisoning, he became a devoted lover of it, and it is now known that he experimented upon all who became, in the slightest degree, objects of his dislike."

"Aye," thought the unmoved and remorseless subject of the MS., "and often upon those who were not objects of his dislike, but fit subjects for experiment. I remember a fellow by the name of George Tarleton, brother to Dick of Kent. I discovered, by experimenting upon him, that my doses were excessive—that is, in the use of that American poison, *woodrat*. He died within five

minutes, when I expected that he would live until night, and then die in his bed. His brother Dick declared that I poisoned him, but he could never prove it. But where did this fellow St. Luke pick up my history?"

The reading of the MS. was interrupted by the appearance at the door, or rather a rapping at the door—for the masked person had closed it—of a household servant of the Lord Protector, who said, as the door was opened—

"I bear a note from his Highness the Lord Protector to Dr. Reginald Brame, the alchemist."

"I am Reginald Brame," said the alchemist, and adding, with a scornful smile, as he addressed St. Luke, "that is, if I am not the very interesting person of whom you are reading."

Colonel St. Luke would have liked very much to peep into the billet, but it was sealed, and in the charge of the first footman of the Lord Protector. Therefore, he bowed his acquiescence, and the servant delivered the billet.

The words were few, but to the point, thus:—

"I accept the terms you offered. If, in carrying out your purpose, you are delayed by any officer, civil or military, of the Commonwealth, you are commanded to call upon the nearest superior of that officer to place him under immediate arrest."

"By command of

"OLIVER CROMWELL,
"Lord Protector of England."

"London, Eng., Jan., 1658."

As the alchemist mastered the contents of this important note, his eyes sparkled with rage and triumph—with rage for the outlawed Prince was already flying like the winds, far upon his way to Dover, and with arrangements for successful escape so admirably made, that it was improbable that he could be overtaken, unless some accident had befallen him, or might befall him.

But Ben Isaacs, who had set forth in person that morning to arrange everything, and whose head depended upon perfect arrangement, even to the shores of France, would certainly have worked and planned as for his own life.

Therefore the acceptance of the Protector of these demands, to which Charles Stuart had immediately acceded, arrived at the Red House too late for any good prospect of success. Cromwell, more conscientious than Charles, has hesitated in acceding to the commands of the alchemist, as laid down in Chapter XIII. of this story. He had even laid the matter before his private council, though withholding the name of him who made the demands; nor had he agreed until every member of that council had decided that any and all means to capture Charles Stuart were just, honourable, necessary, and imperative.

But while the eyes of the alchemist sparkled with rage as he thought of the narrow escape of Charles, they sparkled with triumph as he saw that the note gave him authority to arrest St. Luke if he desired to do so, and more especially the unknown in the mask, whose identity he was seriously anxious to discover.

He began to write a note to General Monk of the army of Scotland, then in the city, when Colonel St. Luke, whose suspicious and vigilant mind was on the alert, said in a firm tone—

"You are under arrest, sir, and therefore no note can be sent from this room by you."

"True," said the alchemist, "Messenger, inform the Lord Protector that I am under arrest by the command of Colonel Raymond St. Luke, and not permitted to inform his Highness that the outlawed Charles Stuart, may be overtaken before he reaches Dover."

The footman bowed, and was about to retire, when Colonel St. Luke stopped him with a sharp—

"Halt! I arrest you for holding communication with a suspected traitor."

"But—but—your worship," began the amazed footman, who was instantly interrupted by the colonel.

"But nothing, kneel! I take all responsibility of the arrest upon myself. Go find Captain Hayman below and report. Here, guard," he said to the soldier who had shown the footman up, "see that this meddlesome fellow is placed under strict arrest until further orders."

"He is quick," thought the alchemist, as the trembling footman left the room. "Well, if he proves himself to be my son, at least I may say he is no fool."

Colonel St. Luke, with a shrill snort which showed his displeasure at the interruption, assumed the reading of the MS.:—

"Sir Henry Redburn married Lady Eleanor Redburn, and the date of—"

"Stop!" cried the alchemist. "She must have been Eleanor something before Sir Henry made her his wife."

"Perhaps of the Redburns," replied St. Luke, evasively.

"Does the MS. say that her maiden name was Eleanor Redburn?" demanded the alchemist.

"The MS. does not say anything of her maiden name. Her maiden name is of no importance in proving that you are Herbert Redburn."

"Ah! perhaps not," replied the alchemist, quietly; "but I would like to be informed about that lady's maiden name, notwithstanding."

The unknown again advanced and whispered something in the ear of the colonel, who started slightly, and then said aloud—

"Her maiden name was Eleanor Dudley, daughter of Sir Edward Dudley."

"Ha!" thought the alchemist, drawing his breath sharply through his set teeth, and eyeing the impenetrable mask with an evil glance, "it seems that St. Luke is the mere tool. The mask is my true foe, and uses Raymond St. Luke only as a keen and intelligent instrument. I would give much to know whom that mask conceals."

But the dark, fierce eyes which flashed so steadily from the mask gave no sign of being friend or foe, stranger or acquaintance. A steady, unvarying, constant stare was all that rewarded the anxious scrutiny of the alchemist.

St. Luke resumed:—

"Sir Henry Redburn married Lady Eleanor Dudley, daughter of Sir Edward Dudley; and the date with which Herbert had recently regarded his brother became intensified when the baronet's lady presented him with an heir."

"This heir did not live many months, as Herbert poisoned it."

"But it was not quite two years after when Lady Redburn presented her husband with twin children, a boy and a girl. These children, named Edgar and Matilda, when a few months old, disappeared in a singular manner."

"Sir Henry Redburn had a sudden call to London, and upon the night of his expected return Lady Redburn, while awaiting him in the presence of her sleeping babes, at a late hour of the night, was approached by Herbert, who offered her a glass of poisoned wine, the effect of which was to madden the brain with almost instantaneous insanity."

"She drank the drugged wine, and under its influence snatched up her babes and fled from the house. The lateness of the hour, the precaution taken by Herbert, prevented her act from being seen by any one of the household; and after wandering for some time in the darkness, she directed her steps to the graveyard of the Redburn family, which was not more than half a mile distant from Redburn Castle."

"It was not the purpose of Herbert, when he gave Lady Redburn the poisoned wine, to make her insane, or to cause her instant death. His desire was to gradually poison her blood by repeated doses, until both she and her children should sink into a fatal decline, as she nourished both of her infants herself. She was a robust and healthy woman, and delighted in the fact that both infants drew ample nourishment from her."

"But Herbert had not attained at that time the fearful skill he

afterwards possessed, and by giving too strong an infusion of the poison he had selected, at once overthrew her reason."

"Much alarmed he followed her from the house, dreading each instant to be met by the returning baronet, who, as it happened, was detained on his journey homeward."

"When Lady Redburn fled towards the graveyard, Herbert followed her. On reaching the graveyard, Lady Eleanor, who had carried the children closely pressed to her bosom, apparently discovered that she was pursued, for she crouched for a long time behind the tombstones, and, to still the cries of her babes, wrapped their heads tightly in her shawl—so tightly that, when she at length came forward from her concealment as the morn began to break from the clouds, they appeared to be dead—to have been stifled."

"Herbert Redburn, hidden in the shadow of the tomb of his father, eagerly watching the actions of his beautiful victim."

"When she had arrived at the conclusion that the infants were dead, her insane mind became filled with eagerness to bury them. The sexton of the graveyard had been busy there that day; and being a man of intemperate habits, and seldom without his bottle, he had fallen into a drunken sleep while at work, and his mattock and spade lay near him as he slept."

"Lady Redburn placed her babes upon the ground and hastily dug two small graves side by side. The noise which she made in the use of implements so foreign to her sex and station awoke the sleeping sexton. It was a most fatal awakening for him, for Herbert Redburn's eye was upon him; and though the sexton was still stupefied with drink, his senses took note of all that was going on."

"He made one attempt to struggle to his feet, but sank back helplessly. When he made that attempt he uttered an oath which alarmed Lady Redburn. She had dug the shallow graves in which she intended to bury her babes, had taken up one, pressed it to her bosom, kissed it, knelt and ejaculated a wild and incoherent prayer, placed it in the little grave, and began to cover it with earth."

"It was then that the drunken sexton, bewildered by what he saw and the fumes of brandy, attempted to rise and sank back with an oath."

"Lady Redburn instantly fled, and as she did so Herbert, believing that the sexton was too drunk to rise or to comprehend what he had seen, rushed from his concealment, snatched up the infants, and pursued her."

"As he did so he became aware that they had recovered from the stifling which they had undergone in the mad embrace of their mother. For an instant he resolved to throw them into the waters of the river not far off, but he dismissed the idea until he should have learned what had become of the miserable mother. It was very probable that she would wander back to Redburn Castle, he met by her husband, and, on recovering her reason, as he feared she would, remember that he had given her a glass of wine, and thus place suspicion upon his track. He knew that if once the suspicions of Sir Henry were aroused the profound meditative and analytical mind of the baronet would detect both the poison and poisoner."

"It was, therefore, imperatively necessary, first, to capture the mad fugitive. This he soon did, for the poor lady, exhausted and bewildered, had not fled far before she sank to the ground, where her piteous moans soon led her destroyer."

"Herbert found that he could easily control her, and, having persuaded her to rise and place her wailing infants to her breast, conducted her to the rear of his own house, distant more than a mile from that of his brother."

"There he was obliged to leave her for a few minutes to prepare for her further abduction."

"He soon returned, driving his own carriage, and, placing the unfortunate lady and her infants in it, drove rapidly for more than two hours, when he stopped at a solitary house upon an obscure and seldom-used road."

"He shouted, and was soon greeted by a man and a woman, bearing a lantern as they hastened from the house. This man, whose name was Larkins, and his wife Susan, were two infamous wretches who served Herbert Redburn in many of his schemes of villany, and to them he confided the care of Lady Redburn and her infants until he should return from surveying the chances of his detection at Redburn Castle."

"He drove back to his own house at a furious pace, and, leaving the carriage, mounted a horse, upon which he first rode to the churchyard to look after the drunken sexton. He found him asleep, and left him under the firm conviction that when he awoke he would remember nothing of what he had seen."

"Thence Herbert hurried to Redburn Castle, where he found that Sir Henry Redburn had not yet arrived, nor had the flight of Lady Redburn been discovered. There was a heavy-eyed nurse with Lady Eleanor when he had given her the poisoned wine, but she was asleep at that time, and was still asleep when he returned."

"The simple and unostentatious habits of Sir Henry disliked to have many servants in constant attendance upon himself, and his lady was of a disposition exactly similar."

"The few servants who had been ordered to remain awake, to attend to the baronet upon his return, had fallen asleep from tedious watching long before Herbert had given the poisoned wine."

"The porter at the avenue gate alone was awake when Herbert rode up, and from him he learned that his brother had not returned, although the hours had crept on almost to dawn. Herbert passed through the avenue gate, and dismounting at the accustomed place, boldly, though noiselessly, entered the front door, which had not been closed all that night, as Lady Redburn had ordered it to left wide open to welcome the greatly-desired return of her husband."

"The porter at the hall door was asleep in his great chair, and Herbert passed him unperceived. He found the heavy-eyed nurse still asleep. The house was silent in the repose of sleep."

"Herbert returned to the hall and awoke the porter, ordering him to see that Lady Redburn was informed that he wished to see her. He gave this order to divert suspicion from himself, should any arise."

"It was not long before the entire household was alarmed. Lady Redburn could not be found. She and her babes had disappeared. The heavy-eyed nurse could only say that all were in the room when she fell asleep."

"There was eager and trembling rushing here and there; but there was no trace of Lady Eleanor and her children."

"Herbert raved and stormed; drew his sword, and accused this one and that one of having had something to do with the mysterious disappearance. He noisily led every search; he shouted, 'Lady Eleanor! My sister!' and acted as if he, and not Sir Henry, had lost a dearly-loved wife."

"No one could tell who started the terrible rumour, nor how it arose, at least no one could then, that Lady Redburn had suddenly gone mad and destroyed her children. It is now well known that Herbert raised this rumour."

"In the midst of the clamour and confusion a carriage rolls up the avenue and halts before the front entrance. A tall and stately gentleman bounds, rather than descends, from the carriage."

"It is Sir Henry Redburn. He glances at the mansion and perceives that there is confusion within. He hears many voices shouting the name of his wife. He rushes in, and is met by the pale faces and affrighted eyes of his servants. The old porter of the hall is bowed and silent; the footmen are trembling; the women are sobbing; there is terror upon every face—more than terror, there is horror."

"The amazed baronet dares not break this mysterious scene by demanding its cause. He has heard the name of his beloved wife

uttered in tones of alarm, of terror, of horror. He dare not speak. A chill of agony seizes his heart, and his features become chalky white. His eyes alone speak, and they question every one."

"But who shall tell him what he dares not ask? As his glances flash from face to face, every eye shuns them. Who shall tell this devoted husband that his beautiful and beloved wife had gone mad, has vanished, and that not one of her household knows where she is, knows anything, except that she has vanished?"

"Who shall tell this affectionate father, this kind-hearted man, who adores his lovely infants, that they, too, have vanished, that it is said, that it is believed, that they have been murdered by their mad mother?"

"Who shall dare break that silence, in which only groans and sighs and sobs are heard; in which only pallid faces, faces of woe, of terror, of horror, of tears are seen? Who dares to open the lips and breathe words which will smite the soul of that fond father and adoring husband with a blight of maddening woe?"

"Who but Herbert Redburn, his brother? who hopes that the shock will be to that brother like a stab in the heart, and that infant boy, Edgar, shall not live, nor that infant girl, Matilda."

"Therefore Herbert advances, swelling with fictitious grief, and cries—

"Oh, my dear brother, what a calamity has fallen upon our hearts! Lady Eleanor has disappeared with your children, and it is said that she has killed them in her sudden madness!"

"He says this with sobs, and Sir Henry falls as if shot through the brain. Sir Henry does not reel nor stagger; he falls instantly; his limbs sink beneath him; he gasps but once, a sharp half-uttered cry of pain, and then he is lying senseless at the feet of his brother."

(To be continued.)

FUN OF THE WEEK.

PUNCH.

I GO TO THE PLAY IN A MASK!—(Lady in Congreve).—Another bit of French Humbug. An athlete in a mask having drawn the Parisians, we read that a lady vocalist (of course of the highest family, and greatest beauty) is about to appear, "but stipulates that she shall sing in a mask." Only?

PROBLEM FOR MATHEMATICAL BOBBIES.—Find the Centres of the Fenian circles.

HOW TO GET AN ELASTIC REVENUE AGAIN.—Tax India-rubber.

CENTRE OF GRAVITY.—A Judge in Court.

AN OLD REVOLVER.—The Earth.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—Old Paynter never neglects any opportunity for advancing Art. Every evening he has the cloth drawn.

SKETCH FROM FASHIONABLE LIFE (Morning Call: Saturday).—1st Lady: "Do you intend going to Church to-morrow, dear?"—2nd Lady: "Well, dear, that entirely depends upon my bonnet."

FUN.

Too POLITE.—Old Cuffin has advertised for a travelling companion for a trip through Switzerland. He is knocked up at three a.m. by Larkins. Larkins: "I believe, sir, you have advertised for a travelling companion?"—Duffin: "I have, sir."—Larkins: "Ah, then, I thought as I was passing on my way from the club, I'd just call and tell you that I can't go with you!"

THE Real "Blue" Ruin.—The Reform Bill.

HIGHT-Y! T-HIGHT-Y!—Arithmetic will form the subject of special study in the ensuing Term of Cambridge. Particular attention will be paid to the figure of eight.

POLITICAL NOTE.—The Liberal candidate for Kircudbright, in the place of the late Mr. Mackie, is Mr. Maxwell, who is certainly calculated to "chaw up" his opponents, if we may infer anything from the fact that he hails from "Munches."

QUICK RETURNS.—Chaffboys (to Ticket-clerk, rapidly): "One first return!"—Ticket-clerk: "Return! Where to?"—Chaffboys (mildly): "Where to? Why, back again, of course!"

Who's Who in county Kerry?—The O'Dono-who.

JUDY.

COOK'S "PERKISSIES."—Cook: Only five shillings! Why, I've broke this year four soup tureens, six large dishes, three glass water jugs, and fourteen tumblers; three dozen pla—Conscientious shopkeeper: Well, well, cook; I won't be hard on you. You shall have half-a-sovereign.

SIX of One and Half-a-Dozen of the Other.—Which is the greater humbug, the Ritualist or the Spiritualist?

WHAT can you expect for twopenny?—Why, Judy, of course!

Is "stealing a march" worse than "taking a walk?"

A CHIEF D'ŒUVRE.—A celebrated member of the Paris Skating Club is said to have recently described a figure of Fate on the ice, in the Bois de Boulogne!

WHY is an "heir apparent" to the throne like an umbrella in dry weather?—Because he's ready for the next reign.

SHORTLY will be published—Esoppe made (Deasy, by "One of them." Also a new song by Mr. Kelly, "I'll be free, and Deasy, still."

RACING Literature.—Reading Steeplechases.

OVER-EXACT.—In books of arithmetic, certain dots arranged thus . . . signify "therefore." On being told this, a few days ago, a "sharp youth" exclaimed, "They're not four—they're only three!"

FLENCING AT CARDS.—Swell: "Play much Whist in Australia?"—Returned Conv—(beg pardon)—Colonist: "Yes; a good deal."—Swell: "Play high?"—R. C.: "Not very. Sheep Points, and a Ram on the Rubber!"

TOMAHAWK.

AN ECHO FROM PALL MALL.—Remarks by the new Controller-in-Chief of the Army.—Sir Henry's Talks.

ADVICE to those who have not yet subscribed to the "Clerkenwell Explosion Relief Fund."—Leave not (Clerken) well alone.

It appears that the best part of "Cork" has been sold to Fenian sympathisers in America. The expedient, it is to be supposed, has been resorted to in a hope of stopping up some of the jars that have recently shaken the brotherhood.

LORD DEVON has had so much of the Narsty at the Poor Law Office, that he has gone to Nice to recruit. We hope that he will bring back from the shores of the Mediterranean Herculean vigour to aid him in cleaning out the Augean Stable.

DISTRESS IN EAST LONDON.

We have not the slightest doubt about the severity of the distress under which the artisans of the Isle of Dogs are suffering. The London shipbuilding trade is all but annihilated, but we are assured that it might have still survived had the East-end artisans been permitted by their trade union to do as nature dictates—earn half a loaf when they could not earn a whole one. What we are doing now is, in some cases, money well spent; in many more it is only encouraging professional beggary; but in too many it is only an indirect encouragement to the tyranny of the unions. If, as some who are not habitual croakers assure us, it be true that in the trades unions' system is involved the ruin of English trade, we are only precipitating that ruin by any charity—which is no charity at all—that teaches that there are other and legitimate means of life for a working man beside the work of his own hands. —Saturday Review.

LATE RAILWAY DECEPTIONS.

THE distressing part is that the Caledonian Railway report reveals much that is bad, but does not make us sure that we will know all that is bad. Some of the directors' contrivances are even amusing. It appears they were in the habit of taking credit for the full revenue of the half-year up to the very last day; but not of debiting all the charges. Again, the directors chose to keep in suspense whatever portion they thought convenient of the actual expenditure of the half-year for the maintenance and renewal of the permanent way. Directors who deal in this fashion with plain matters of debit and credit were not likely to be very scrupulous when they had to deal with the delicate questions what sort of repairs and renewals ought to be charged to revenue and what to capital. According to the rule on which they acted, which was "to charge to capital every expenditure which was in the nature of additions to previously existing works," a ship would be debited at the end of her career with all the masts that had ever been in her, and it does not require much explanation to see the magnitude of such an absurdity. Then the directors much preferred buying new rolling stock out of capital to repairing existing rolling stock out of revenue. And we are not sure even upon the critical question of what ought to have been the dividends of the company; there is a sort of schism on this point between the committee and the accountants. It may, at least, plausibly be contended, even upon the figures of the committee, that for the last half-year there ought to have been any dividend at all. Such investigations as these are of the sort that unsettle everything, but settle nothing; that destroy confidence by showing that the whole system of finance has been rotten, and that almost every item in the accounts has been manipulated; but do not re-create confidence by proving what the past really was and what the present prospects of the line, in fact, are. Such a report cannot put the property of the railway on the firm basis upon which it ought to stand. In the nature of things it cannot. It is not the judgment of experts. And even if the report were ever so intrinsically able, there must always be a taint in it. It is not the report of persons who can be impartial. It is always open to an objector to say—"This committee appointed accountants to investigate the condition of the line, but when they received the report of those accountants they did not like it; they found it too bad to be agreeable, and so they substituted other figures of their own, which are, at any rate, more pleasant and tolerable." In fact, nothing but an audit by skilled persons, appointed by a perfectly independent authority, like the State, can really ascertain the true facts of cases like these, and assure the public that the truth has really been arrived at. And nothing but such an audit can ever be uniform. The same lesson is taught by the great meeting of the Midland Railway, the principal feature of which was that the shareholders appeared to have drifted into a most costly policy of enterprises without knowing it and without intending it. And so, upon the present system, it will always be. The only thing which shareholders, for the most part, read or attend to is the speech of the chairman, and this is naturally and inevitably the speech of an advocate. The only check upon these illusions is, that the hard facts should be periodically ascertained by an independent and impartial authority.—*Economist*.

AN ELEGANT COUGH REMEDY.—In our variable climate during the winter months coughs and colds appear the greatest enemies to mankind, and we are pleased to be able to draw the attention of sufferers to "Strange's Celebrated Balsam of Honey," which as a cough remedy, stands unrivalled. Honey, in the form of a Balsamic preparation, is strongly recommended by the Faculty of our medical works, and by Dr. Pereira (late lecturer on medicine to the hospitals).—See *Materia Medica*, vol. ii. page 1854. It will relieve the most irritating cough in a few minutes, and by its mildly stimulating action, gently discharges phlegm from the chest by easy expectoration, and restores the healthy action of the lungs. The amount of suffering at this time of the year is incalculable, and numbers, from the want of an effectual remedy at a low cost, have the germs of consumption laid. Sold by most chemists at 1s. 1d. per bottle, large size 2s. 3d. Prepared by P. Strange, operative chemist, 260, East street, Walworth. Agents: Messrs. Barclay, Farringdon-street; Newberry, St. Paul's; J. Sanger, 50, Oxford-street; and Butler and Cripe, Cheapside.—[ADVT.]

HAIR.—Mr. Fen, chemist, Oxton-road, Birkenhead, the celebrated hairgrower, sends his noted formula, pre-paid, to any address for thirteen stamps. This formula will produce whiskers and moustache within thirty days, and is a certain remedy for baldness and scanty partings, without the slightest injury to the skin. See advertisement.—[ADVT.]



W. P. FRITH, R.A.

A VOLUNTEER SCANDAL.

THE scandals of the 48th Middlesex (Havelock) Volunteers furnish a significant commentary on the officering of the volunteer force. For some time past that regiment has been in a very disorderly and disaffected condition. It was deep in debt, there were squabbles about money between the colonel and the officers, and a strong feeling seems to have prevailed among a large proportion both of officers and privates that at 75 years of age a man is, in the natural course of things, too old for the active discharge even of such duties as attach to a volunteer colonel. The colonel was repeatedly asked to resign, and at last consented to do so upon being repaid £700 which he had advanced for the purposes of the regiment. There was some difficulty, however, in complying with this condition; and fourteen of the officers appealed to the Lord Lieutenant, asking him to bring the matter before the War Office. The answer to this was an order from the Secretary of State to cashier the rebellious officers. These gentlemen are under the impression that their offence consisted in sending their memorial through the post direct to the Lord Lieutenant instead of forwarding it through the colonel. On the other hand, the colonel's view is that they were punished for an act which was more serious than a mere irregularity. Upon turning to the Volunteer Regulations we find that Article 252 is as follows:—"All letters on questions relating to the constitution of the corps or to any breach of discipline in it are to be addressed to the Lord Lieutenant, who, when necessary, will communicate with the Secretary of State for War on the Subject." This rule, however, is qualified by Article 249, which is that "All official correspondence from volunteer corps except the correspondence of the adjutant, in his capacity as a public accountant, is to proceed from the commanding officer, or to pass through him." The fourteen officers in question therefore committed a breach of the regulations, but cashiering is perhaps too severe a penalty for an irregularity which is the offspring of a system universally and scandalously lax.

JUST OUT, STEAM ENGINES (Patent), price 1s. 6d. each, of horizontal construction, manufactured entirely of metal fitted with copper boiler, steam pipe, furnace, &c., complete. Will work for hours if supplied with water and fuel. Sent carriage free, safely packed in wooden case, for 24 stamps.—TAYLOR BROTHERS, 21, Norfolk-road, Essex-road, Islington, London. Established 1859.—[ADVT.]

FREE TRADE IN LAND.

PROFESSOR FAWCETT explains how free trade in land would produce, or even favour, peasant-proprietorship. The phrase is badly chosen, for true free trade in land would allow of perpetual entails, or the conversion of Belgravia into a deer forest; and is, for all the purposes politicians are bound to consider, a mere dream, which can never be realised except in the desert. Land being at once a necessity and a monopoly, ownership can never be absolute. The Professor means, of course, not this; but so easy a mode of arranging the purchase or sale of land as to make it as transferable as sugar or coal, or any other article of commerce. Well, even to secure this we shall have to do a good deal; to abolish primogeniture, and with it, ultimately, the peerage; to forbid settlement, and with it the greater part or the whole of our vast system of "trusts," and to make the owner of every description absolute proprietor in fee. Let us suppose, however, these immense changes made, and then how shall we stand? The two or three persons who now own the parish of Greenfield, and who at present would have much difficulty in selling the fee-simple, would then have no difficulty—doubtless, *pro tanto*, a great advantage. But the point for the advocates of peasant proprietorship to settle is, who would be the purchasers? The attraction of the capitalist to the land would be very little diminished by all these changes—might even be greatly increased. Free trade would indefinitely increase the security of his investment, by removing all difficulties about title; by enabling him to grant any kind of lease he pleased, whether wasteful or not, and by facilitating sale whenever he wanted his money, or part of his money, back again. Free trade, again, would in no sense diminish the second attraction of ownership, the fact that it is the only business which can be carried on successfully by men who love leisure, who enjoy the open air, and who are weary or impatient of the life of cities. And it would directly and decidedly increase the social dignity attaching to land, for it would kill out the poor but ancient county families, with mortgaged estates, leaving the great landowner the only person visible, without personal merit, above the mass. Moreover, the great land buyers do not buy land with a view to

high interest, but with a view to security, position, and ease, and will accept returns which would starve the peasant, even with the advantage of spade labour. Land might be raised in price, doubtless would be, but the richest would get it, just as in open market they get everything else. It may be asked—Why on the Continent is not land more accumulated? but the reply is simply—Any millionaire who tries can, and does, accumulate it, even in France; but very few try, because on the Continent the passion of the rich is for the highly developed, exciting, hothouse life of cities, and social position is fixed not by ownership, but by birth or rank in the service of the State. In England, the result of "free trade in land" would be, as in ancient Italy, to place whole divisions of counties in the hands of individuals and suppress small ownerships altogether.—*Economist*.

QUADRILLE MANUFACTURE.

IN Messrs. Reade and Boucicault's "Foul Play" there is a capital account of a set of quadrilles, as quadrilles are manufactured now-a-days. "The composer had taken immortal melodies, some gay, some sad, and had robbed them of their distinctive character and had hashed them till they were all one monotonous rattle." The names of the composers, or decomposers, who do this disgraceful work are well known in London, Paris, and Vienna; for, instead of concealing them, they display them ostentatiously on the title-pages of this offensive trash. Nothing is safe from the irreverent handling of these cynical manipulators. An opera is to them good or bad in proportion to the number of melodies adaptable for dancing purposes that it contains. They will operate upon "Il mio tesoro" so as to extract from it just enough rhythmical tune to supply the wants of a fourth figure, and will not hesitate to introduce the prayer from "Moses" into a finale. Quick movements and slow movements are all the same to them. The "immortal melodies" must be played at quadrille pace. If the pace does not suit them so much the worse for the immortal melodies. To give an idea of the extent to which this worse than Procrustean practice is carried, we may mention that we once had the misfortune to hear a quadrille called the "Classical," in which certain melodies from well-known classical pieces are cut, clipped, distorted, and broken up in all sorts of way so as to make dances tunes. For one figure of the quadrille the beautiful slow movement of Beethoven's Kreutzer sonata had been sacrificed, being of course made quick for the occasion, for another the charming air for the piano in the same composer's choral sonata.

ADVERTISING.

Of ingenious advertising there is no end; and now that trades are becoming mixed, that grocers sell wine and publicans tea, the ingenuity of advertisers is assuming new and surprising forms. To the French belongs the honour of having invented the paragraph system, by which an exciting narrative of some pretended accident is made to show the necessity of keeping a supply of such and such a preparation constantly on hand. The English introduced the almanac method, in which the gratuitously distributed calendar teaches, month by month, that every change of weather renders the swallowing of so many patent pills desirable. Now a Spanish wine merchant, established in Fenchurch-street, has pressed pure literature into his service, and without saying one word in favour of, or in any way concerning his wines, presents his customers, actual and possible—in short, the public generally—with a well-printed, admirably illustrated English version of a charming tale by the lady who, under the pseudonym of Fernan Caballero, has become the most distinguished novelist in Spain. The book reached us by post, in the character of a wine merchant's circular, not as a work for review. But the tale it tells is so original and amusing that those of our readers who are not already acquainted with the novel of "La Gaviota," in which it is introduced, will probably be glad to be made acquainted with the subject. It is simply then the history of a concealed, deformed,

THE NEW REREDOS IN ELY CATHEDRAL.

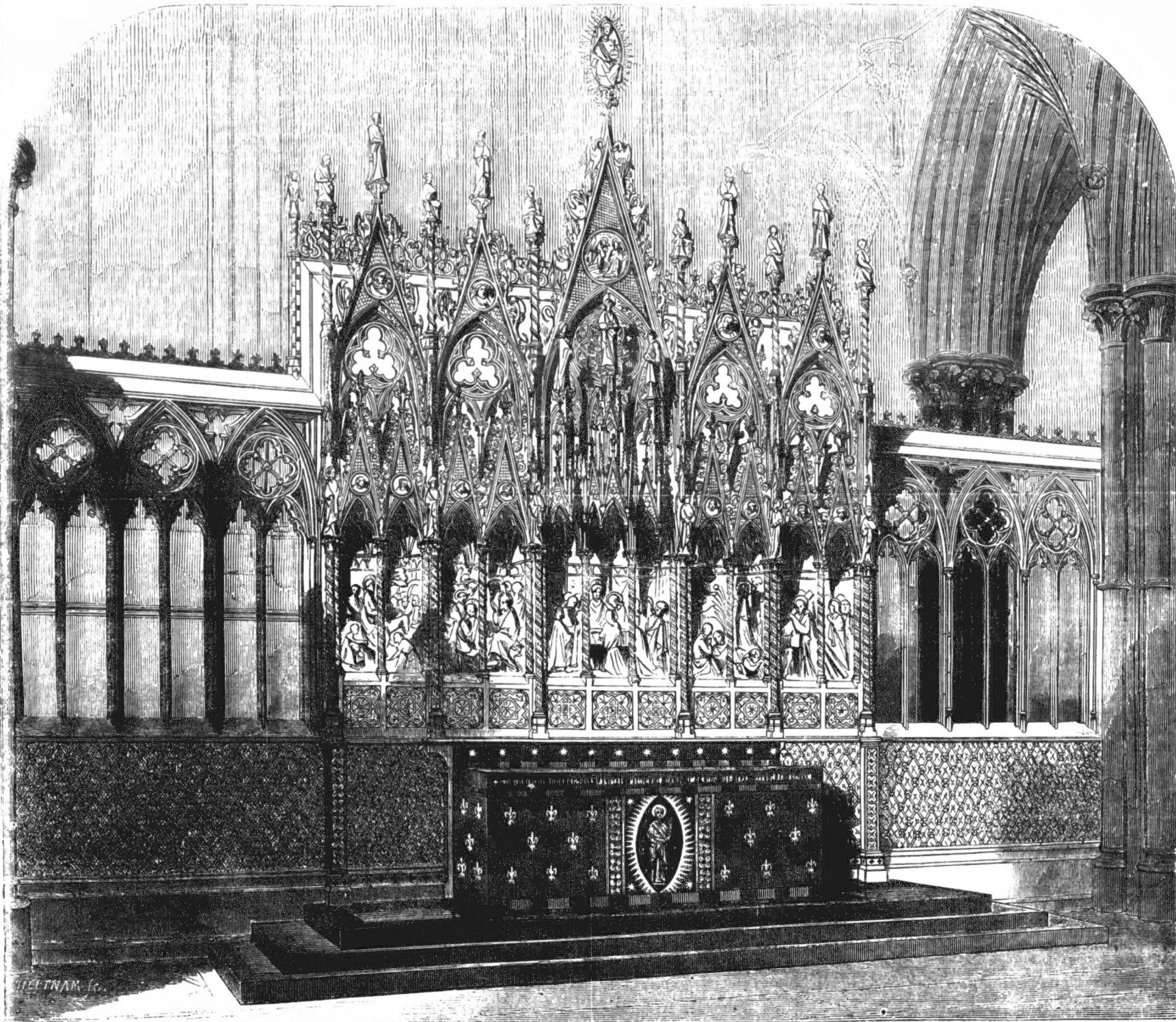
By a noble instance of private munificence, seconded by the skill of that modern *rara avis*, an art-architect, the choir of Ely Cathedral has been enriched in a manner which completely reflects the spirit and devotional feeling of those master-minds which bequeathed to us, in the building itself, such evidences of noble conception and profound art.

The reredos, which is the subject of our engraving and notice, was erected a few years since, at the cost of John Drum Gardiner, Esq., from the designs of George Gilbert Scott, Esq., A.R.A., upon whose ability and eminence, working in a national spirit—the only spirit by which architecture as an art ever became or ever can become great—it would be superfluous for us to dwell.

This work, which is in the shape of a screen, stretching from north to south, is divided into three sections, the side portions being comparatively plain in character, and executed in a somewhat ordinary material—a whitish stone called "clunch"; while the central portion (the reredos proper) is distinguished by a most remarkable display of intricate tabernacle work. Here pinnacles and spire, lightly wrought in a delicate alabaster, rise amidst gables, niches, and a perfect net-work of tenderly sculptured detail. Throughout this elaborate work are introduced many statuettes and busts of saints and angels, and surmounting the central and highest gable is a figure, wrought in metal, of the

THE PRICE OF PEPPER.

"C. and S.," grocers, of Torquay, have written us an angry letter, expressing their surprise that the leading grocers of the West-end of London have not come forward to show that no respectable tradesman could have charged the prices which our correspondent "Providus" says his grocer charged him, and accusing "Providus" himself of gross exaggeration in having said that the wholesale price of the best white pepper is but 7½d. per pound. "C. and S." point out that pepper is hard to grind, that much waste necessarily takes place in grinding it, and that when it is retailed to customers in ounces every customer expects to get "the turn of the scale in his favour," which entails a heavy loss on the grocer. These circumstances, in "C. and S.'s" opinion, make 2s. a pound for ground white pepper but a fairly remunerative price, and that is what they charge. But, on referring to Messrs. Travers's price list for January 4, the statements put forward by "C. and S." turn out to be mere moonshine. The highest price quoted for the best white pepper, ready ground, in 14 lb. parcels, is 7½d.—exactly as "Providus" stated—but the same article weighed and "packed in 1, 2, 4, and 8 ounce packets with handsome labels," is priced by Messrs. Travers at 9½d. a pound. Therefore if "C. and S." in retailing these packets, which save them all the labour, waste, and loss of which they complain, at 2s. a pound, hold that they are realizing only a fair trading profit, all



THE NEW REREDOS IN ELY CATHEDRAL.

one-sided little fowl, who, neglecting the advice of its mother to be civil to every one, never to pass by a church where there is a statue of St. Peter (who is not at all fond of cocks and still less of their crow), and, above all, to avoid "certain men that exist in the world, called cooks," insults water, fire, the wind, crows at St. Peter, and rushes, full of vanity, into the midst of a kitchen where cooks abound. Then comes the punishment. Medic-Pollito, or "half-fowl," has his neck wrung, is dipped into scalding water, that he may be plucked more easily of his feathers, is roasted before a blazing fire until burnt and blackened he is fit for nothing but to be thrown on the dung-heap, and is then blown about by the vengeful wind until reaching the summit of the steeple of St. Peter's Church, he is fixed there for ever by the hand of the indignant saint, and becomes the eternal weathercock. The little story is, as we before remarked, well illustrated, and the wrapper is not disfigured by unseemly puffs of Spanish wine.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, with Major Teesdale and the guests staying at Sandringham, went out shooting on Thursday and Friday, shooting the Commodore, the Home, and the Wolferton woods, for the second time this season. The weather on Friday was disagreeably wet and uncomfortable.

"Church" glorified; the whole forming a splendid framework or shrine for the principal sculptures of the composition, the subjects of which have been derived from incidents in the life of our Lord, as follows:—"The Entry into Jerusalem;" "Washing Peter's Feet;" "Last Supper;" "Agony in the Garden;" "Bearing the Cross."

THE SALE OF CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.

THE sale and transfer of the present school-house of Charterhouse having recently been effected by the governors to the masters and wardens of the Merchant Taylors' Company, the work of demolition and transformation of this ancient foundation has already commenced. The large square grass plot, called the "Under Green" from its being the exclusive property of the "unders," bounded by Wilderness-row and Goswell-street, has a hoarding extending the entire length of the playground and enclosing a large portion of the land, as the site of two blocks of buildings intended for dwelling-houses and shops fronting the above thoroughfares. The "Upper Green," where the cricket matches were wont to be played, is likewise doomed to undergo great changes and alterations previous to the transference of Merchant Taylors' School to the locality.

we can is that the housekeepers of Torquay will do well to look closely into their grocers' bills. "C. and S." are also highly indignant at the suggestion that any tradesman should be suspected of giving short weight and measure; we agree with them that no really respectable tradesman would do so, but then there are a good many tradesmen who are not really respectable, but who pass for such, until they are found out.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

AFTER A RAILWAY SMASH.—There still remain in Buffalo, eighteen boxes of mutilated bodies or charred fragments of the victims in the Lake Shore Railway smash. Of course the calcined bones cannot be identified, but two or three of the less roasted corpses may yet be claimed. The railway company exposes for identification the following personal property of unknown parties:—Four bunches of keys, burned and twisted; the remnants of six gold watches and one silver watch; a small gold chain; a tobacco box; a lady's breast pin; a pair of skates; a small trowel and a hatchet. No coin was found in the ashes of the cars, paper currency being in general use.

ACCORDING to a return just issued the total number of special constables sworn in up to the 14th of January, in the City and metropolitan districts, was 46,201.

LAW AND POLICE.

REEVES V. CLARN.—ACTION FOR SLANDER AND ASSAULT.—Mr. Macrae Moir appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Serjeant Parry and Mr. H. Lloyd for the defendant. In this case the plaintiff was a commercial traveller, and the defendant was a beerhouse keeper, in the neighbourhood of the Belvedere-road. The plaintiff had been tenant to the defendant of a house at the rate of 55s. a year rent, and the defendant had brought an action of ejectment, and had foregone half a year's rent, and given the plaintiff 10s. for some gas fittings, in order to recover possession. It was suggested that this had caused some ill-feeling on the part of the defendant. The plaintiff stated that on the 17th April last, about eleven at night, he went into the Duke of York, York-road, with a Mr. Wilson, and saw the defendant there. The defendant said, "Oh, you thief, you are there, are you?" and he threw some beer over him. He also tried a second time to throw some over him. He said that the plaintiff was the greatest thief in London, and a swindler, and that the landlord ought to be ashamed to have such a person in his house. Thereupon witness was turned out. On the afternoon of the 18th April witness called at the White Hart, College-street, Belvedere-road, and the defendant was there. He said, "I have been looking for you for six hours." Witness said nothing, but was about to drink some beer when the defendant said, "You —, if you touch that pint I will chop your — eyes out with it." Witness said to the landlord, "I think I will be going." Defendant said, "Don't go, I want to speak to you for a moment." Witness turned round, and the moment he did so the defendant said, "Take that," and threw a tumbler of some white liquid into his face. Witness felt great pain in his eyes, and the landlord told him that there was seltzer water and liquor in the glass. His eyes swelled very much, and after bathing and poulticing them for some time he went to a doctor. His eyes had been weak before the assault, but since then the lid of the right eye had fallen down over the pupil, so that he could not use the eye, and he had not until lately been able to follow his business. Three witnesses were called for the plaintiff, but they all declined to be sworn until their expenses had been paid, and this caused some delay and discussion. Mr. Moir said he had many other witnesses, but no doubt they would make the same objection. Unfortunately his attorney was not present, and he would therefore exercise his own discretion, and rest the case upon the plaintiff's own evidence. Mr. Justice Byles said that he did not see how the learned counsel could do otherwise. The defendant's case was that on the 17th April the plaintiff sneered at him, and witness thereupon threw part of a glass of ale at him, and the plaintiff retorted by throwing some beer from a pot at witness. On the 18th the plaintiff again sneered at him, and thereupon witness threw some seltzer and brandy at him, and drove away; he would not give way to his temper. (Laughter.) The defendant denied that he had used the slanderous words imputed to him. Medical evidence was given that what the plaintiff was suffering from was paralysis of the eyelid; that this disease had been coming on for years, and that what had been thrown in the eye had nothing to do with the matter. The jury, as to the slander, found that the words were mere abuse, and not actionable, but as to the assault they found for the plaintiff.—*Damages 10s.*

ATTEMPTING TO BREAK INTO ST. ALBAN'S CHURCH.—Joseph Hugheson, aged 41, of 14, Took's-court, Chancery-lane, was charged before Mr. Barker with being found in an enclosure of St. Alban's Church for the purpose of committing a felony. Police-constable Wakefield 37 G, said, on Saturday morning, about three o'clock, he heard footsteps in the yard adjoining St. Alban's Church, and on looking over saw the prisoner trying to get over a wall. He asked him what he wanted there, to which he replied that he was a honest man and a loyal citizen. He took him into custody, and afterwards found where he had apprehended the prisoner, a crowbar, some matches, and a piece of candle. The prisoner said he did not know how he came there. Mr. Barker remanded him.

AN ARTIST IN COLOURING BLACK EYES.—Charles Weldon, a gentlemanly-looking young man, described as a medical student, was charged before Mr. Knox with stealing a signboard, the property of Mr. Sidney Collings, described as an artist in colouring black eyes, of No. 18, Windmill-street. Mr. Collings said that at three o'clock in the morning he was called up by the police, and missed his signboard. Police-constable Daniel Palmer, 117 C, said that about three o'clock in the morning he saw the prisoner and some other gentlemen showing a signboard to some women in the Haymarket. Directly the prisoner saw him he put the board under his coat, and on his asking him what he had got, he replied "Nothing," but afterwards on his telling him that he knew he had concealed something he produced the signboard, and said that he had picked it up in Windmill-street. On telling the prisoner that he should take him to the station for the unlawful possession of the signboard, he said that he did not pull it down himself, but that he knew who had done it, and that he would give him 5s. to let him go. In answer to the charge the prisoner said that he could not deny having the signboard, but he did not know who pulled it down. It was thrown at him, and he picked it up. Mr. Knox said that he could not look upon the case as one of stealing, but as one of what was called a "lark." The prisoner said that he did not pull down the board himself, but at the same time he (Mr. Knox) had no doubt that he knew who did it, and although he did not look upon the matter in a serious light, he should have liked the prisoner to have told the truth. The prisoner's better course would have been to have expressed his sorrow at what had occurred and told the truth. He had no doubt the complainant only wished to be reimbursed the amount of damage he would be put to in restoring the board. Mr. Collings said that was all he wished, and the amount would be 10s.—Mr. Knox ordered the prisoner to pay 10s. the amount claimed, and a fine of 10s., at the same time giving him a few words of wholesome advice.

STEALING BOOKS.—James Williams and William Flynn, both of the age of 16, were charged with stealing two copies of "Routledge's Christmas Annual." On Friday evening the prisoners were taken into custody by George Cullard, a City police-constable, who observed them each with a book under his coat. The "Christmas Annuals" were stolen from the shop-door of Mr. James Gilbert, of 18, Gracechurch-street, and he lost three books the day before. It transpired that the prisoner Williams had been sentenced to two months hard labour for stealing lead from the Guildhall, and that he had been out of prison about seven weeks. The prisoner Flynn was brought up at the Mansion House on Monday last for stealing fish, and was sentenced by the Lord Mayor to three days' hard labour and six strokes with a birch rod. The Lord Mayor asked the prisoner if he had been whipped in prison? Flynn said he had. The Lord Mayor: It can't have been well done, or you would not have been here already. The prisoner Williams was sentenced to three months' hard labour. The Lord Mayor ordered Flynn to be brought up on Monday next, saying he would get him another flogging, and he hoped with greater effect.

SWINDLING.—George Thompson, described as a clerk, no home, was charged on remand with obtaining 6s. 9d. from Elizabeth Cole by false and fraudulent pretences. The court was crowded with the gentry and their servants who had been swindled by the prisoner. Elizabeth Cole, wife of Simon Cole, a butler to Mr. W. H. Merle, of 20, Princess-terrace, Hyde-park, said on Friday, the 19th, at a quarter to two, the prisoner came to the house with a letter addressed to Mr. Merle, marked "Foreign Dispatch, Overland Route—6s. 9d." He said it was of great importance, and should be immediately forwarded to Mr. Merle, and she paid him

the 6s. 9d. As he left the house her husband came in, and, after opening the letter, ran after the prisoner and overtook him. The prisoner gave her a receipt, signed "Osborne," on behalf of "Dawson's Dispatch Company, 392, Strand." Mary Stephenson, housekeeper to Lord Inchiquin, 47, Prince's-gardens, said at half-past eleven, on the 10th inst., the prisoner came to her master's house and presented a letter purporting to come from Vienna by the overland route, and at his request paid 6s. 2d. for the delivery, and took a receipt. She told prisoner his lordship was in Ireland. About an hour after he had gone she thought it was not right, and opened it in presence of a policeman, and found it to contain an old envelope, addressed to a gentleman in Eccleston-square, and a piece of newspaper.—Prisoner was fully committed for trial.

A BURGLAR SHOOTING AT A POLICE CONSTABLE.—John Patterson, 22, W. Salthouse, 23, and G. Moriarty, 25, were charged with being suspected persons.—It appeared, from the evidence of Grant, 289 B, and Wells, 201 B, that on Monday morning at two o'clock, they watched the prisoners come up Wood-street, Westminster, into Little College-street, and take up a position in front of the Bull, a public-house, at the corner; from there they reconnoitred the two constables, and Salthouse twice stepped out and took observations. This went on for twenty minutes, when they separated, Moriarty going towards Westminster, and the others approaching the constables. As they got near them Patterson discharged a pistol at Wells, and both ran away, Patterson, as he ran, throwing something up in the air, as he passed the college garden. He was soon captured, as was also Salthouse, who ran into the arms of two gentlemen. Moriarty was taken in half an hour, and on him was found a slater's hammer. Where the prisoners had stood were found two chisels and a splendid "jemmy," and at daylight M'Leod, 235 B, found in the college garden a pistol, the nipple of which smelt strongly of sulphur, although the other part was rusty from exposure to the wet.—Sergeant Stevens, 57 A Reserve, proved a conviction of three years' penal servitude against Patterson, who had before that sentence been four times convicted. He had since been in custody for burglary.—Evidence was given to show that Patterson before he was charged said, "I suppose you are going to charge me with shooting at you. I wonder you did not find a barrel of gunpowder."—Patterson and Salthouse both strongly denied being together, and Moriarty called witness from Mr. Tyler's, the builder in Wood-street, who proved that he had been working for them. They knew nothing to recommend in his character.—The prisoners were remanded.

ROBBERY ON MEAT SALESMEN.—Thomas Croker, who gave his address at No. 3, George-yard, Golden-lane, was placed at the bar before Sir Robert W. Carden, charged with having in his possession in Ivy-lane the carcass of a sheep supposed to have been stolen.—Mr. Wontner, sen., prosecuted, and said that the Great Northern Railway had to convey a large quantity of meat to Newgate-market, and it was their custom to pitch the hampers containing it down at the doors of the persons to whom they were consigned, about two o'clock in the morning, and leave them until the parties opened their shops and took them in. For some time past robberies had been carried on to a very large extent, but with all their vigilance they had not been able to detect the thieves until now. About half-past one o'clock a hamper containing the carcasses of some sheep was pitched at the door of Mr. Wyld's shop, in Newgate-market, and some time after the prisoner was seen by a police-officer walking along Ivy-lane towards Newgate-street, with the carcass of a sheep on his shoulder. The officer walked towards him, and as soon as the prisoner saw him approach he threw down the sheep and ran away; but his flight was not speedy enough to enable him to escape from the officer. The sheep was found where the prisoner threw it down, and on examining the hamper it was found that the strings which bound it had been cut, and there was a vacant place where a sheep had been taken out.—The prisoner said he was tipsy on Monday night, and such a thing would never happen again.—William Durrant, a porter in the service of the Great Northern Railway Company, proved that he pitched the hamper of meat at Mr. Wyld's door, about twenty minutes past one o'clock in the morning, and that then it was well tied and secured. About an hour afterwards he saw Batchelor chasing the prisoner, and he joined in the pursuit. He was taken in Paternoster-row. By Batchelor's direction he went and picked up the sheep and took it to Mr. Wyld's, where he found the ropes of the hamper had been cut, and there was a vacant space where the sheep had been.—The prisoner was remanded on this evidence.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN BIRMINGHAM.

On Tuesday evening, about half-past six, a dastardly murder was committed in Henage-street, in this town. The victim was a Miss Milbourne, an independent maiden lady, between fifty and sixty years of age, and the circumstances surrounding the crime would seem to leave no doubt that the object was robbery. For some forty years, Miss Milbourne had resided in a house next door but one to the Ashted Brewery, Henage-street. For five-and-twenty years she and her brother lived together, but about twelve months since her brother died, and since that time she has resided alone. Possessed of considerable property a report became current that she was in the habit of keeping a large sum of money in the house, and this no doubt was the incentive to the crime which was committed on Tuesday.

About half-past six a lad came to the police-station in Duke-street, and stated that a woman had been murdered in Henage-street. Superintendent Sullivan at once sent Police-constables Roscoe and Brown to the address given by the lad. Arrived there, the officers found a large crowd congregated, but no one had had the courage to enter the house. The front door was locked. The officers went through the gates into the yard, and found the back door open. On the kitchen table a bonnet was found, and a shawl lay upon the floor. At first the officers saw no trace of the old lady, but between the kitchen and the front room stone steps led down to the cellar. At the top of these steps Brown discovered Miss Milbourne lying on her back, her head resting on the second step. She was quite warm but lifeless. There was one mark of a blow upon her nose, and finger-marks upon her throat, plainly showing that she had been strangled. The body was brought into the front room and laid upon a bed. Upon an examination of the house being made it was discovered that it had been completely ransacked.

It is satisfactory to know that there is every probability of the ends of justice being satisfied, and of the perpetrators of this foul deed receiving their just deserts, as although at present the affair is shrouded in considerable mystery, the police are in possession of a clue which, it is hoped, will eventually lead to the detection and apprehension of the murderers.

FOREIGN RESIDENTS IN EGYPT.—The commission which has for some time been sitting in the Foreign Office in Paris, to consider a proposal made by the Viceroy of Egypt to abolish the existing capitulations relative to the protection of the rights of foreign residents in that country, and establishing in their stead mixed tribunals of Europeans and Egyptians, has now presented its report, which is decidedly adverse to the proposal. A memorandum in preparation by the French Government on the subject, and the question is to be submitted to the seventeen European Governments which have consular representatives at Alexandria. M. D'Oubrey, the French Consul-General, who has been recalled by his Government, will, it is said, be dismissed from his post on account of the attitude he has assumed in this matter.

SEQUEL TO THE BUCKHURST-HILL TRAGEDY.

On Saturday, the Registrar of the Chelmsford County Court held a sitting for the examination of debtors at the Essex County Gaol, when amongst those who presented themselves for examination upon their own petition to be adjudicated bankrupts was Matilda Griggs, the young woman who at the beginning of last year was the victim of what was then popularly known as the Buckhurst-hill tragedy.

She is a tall and agreeable-looking young person, of rather youthful appearance for the age of 18. Indeed, a bankrupt of her apparent youth is very unusual. The warrant explained that she was detained in custody to satisfy a claim by the Crown of £40, the amount of recognisance entered into by her to appear and prosecute her assassin, and she was arrested by order of the Barons of the Exchequer because she did not appear at the Central Criminal Court to prefer a bill of indictment and prosecute the law with effect against Frederick Alexander Watkins for felony, as she was bound to do by her recognisance.

The Registrar, after expressing a doubt about his ability to deal with the case, proceeded to put some questions to the debtor, which she answered to the following effect, the leading circumstances being, no doubt, in the recollection of our readers. She stated that her father is by trade a well-sinker, residing at Buckhurst-hill, and he is poor in worldly circumstances. She has no sisters, but has a brother, and until she was 16 years of age she generally attended school. She will not be 18 years of age until the 3rd of April next, but when she was 16 years of age she made the acquaintance of Frederick Alexander Watkins, and she was engaged to be married to him. About fourteen months ago she gave birth to a child, of which he was the father, and he came regularly to see her after that time. When the child was about three months old he called upon her one evening, and they went out together for a walk. In the course of their ramble they had a dispute, and he stabbed her with a dagger in thirteen places, leaving her on the ground for dead. In the last wound which he inflicted he left the dagger sticking, and she was told but for that circumstance she must have bled to death. After Watkins had left her she returned to consciousness, and made her way for a few yards in the direction of home, but was unable to proceed far. There were two calves in the field where the attempted murder was committed, and they followed her to the place where she fell the second time. When she fell down one of the calves lay down on each side of her, and their warmth kept heat in her, or she must have died from the cold of the night and loss of blood. She was found in that place on the following morning. The reason why she did not appear to prosecute was because she thought that without her evidence Watkins would get off, although she had deposed to the facts when it was supposed she was dying. She had promised by letter to Watkins after his arrest that she would remain with his parents until he was liberated, and then they would be married. She was not afraid to marry him after what he had done to her. She could not tell why he had acted so cruelly towards her, for she had never refused to marry him, nor given him cause for jealousy. She was with his father, who is a jeweller in London, at the time of the trial, and she went abroad, but could not say where. Watkins was convicted of attempting to murder her, and sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. She had never been a trader, nor had she ever carried on business of any sort, having lived with her father all her life until this occurred.

The Registrar said that as she was not a trader he could not deal with her petition at present, and, as far as he was concerned, she would have to remain in gaol until March next, but she would come before him at the February sitting to see what could be done for her.

On Tuesday the *Telegraph* had a leading article on the above, which resulted in a number of subscriptions being forwarded to that paper, among them one for £40 from Mr. Ruskin. In its Wednesday's issue it states it has communicated with the Registrar, and that doubtless the girl would be at once released.

THE FENIANS.

THE PRISONERS IN WARWICK GAOL.—PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ATTEMPTED RESCUE.

On Saturday morning a largely-attended meeting of the visiting justices for the county was held at Warwick Gaol, when the necessity of providing further means of defence during the incarceration of the three Fenian conspirators, Burke, Casey, and Shaw, was taken into consideration. Lord Leigh, the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Warwick, presided.

A long discussion of a conversational character took place, and it appeared to be generally admitted that additional steps ought to be taken to protect the gaol against any attack which might be made upon it. The result of the meeting was Lord Leigh's undertaking to proceed forthwith to the Home Office to have an interview with the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and to ask that a detachment of troops might be ordered to Warwick to keep guard over the county gaol. On Saturday afternoon his lordship proceeded to London for this purpose. The gaol is at present guarded by a body of the county police, who are armed with Colt's six-chambered revolvers and cutlasses, but it is thought that a more efficient guard ought to be maintained. At the meeting of the visiting justices Mr. J. Y. Robins (the mayor of Warwick) came forward and offered to supplement the county police with a strong body of special constables, selected from the volunteer rifle corps. This offer was readily accepted, and Mr. Robins engaged to continue this aid until complete arrangements shall have been made with the Home Office. Before proceeding with the swearing in Mr. W. C. Hickling, the superintendent of the police for the borough of Warwick, deposed to the circumstances attending the removal of Burke, Casey, and Shaw from London to Warwick, and added, "I have reason to believe, and do believe, that there is a probability of an attempted rescue of the three named prisoners." Altogether nearly 100 special constables were then sworn in, including the whole of the members of the volunteer corps, the volunteer fire brigade, and a number of the tradesmen of the town. Twenty of the special constables were then supplied with staves, and marched off to the gaol, where they remained through the night.

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE.

The *Independent de la Charente Inferieure* describes, with a boldness very unusual in the French provincial press, the present state of affairs in France: "Seven journals simultaneously prosecuted for reporting debates in the Chamber; a new press trial against the *Courrier Francais*, which has already suffered under a dozen such trials and been condemned to pay thousands of francs in fines, and to lose two of its chief contributors through imprisonment; a man half-strangled by the police in a theatre because, using the right of every spectator, he hissed trash and indecency; another spectator struck in the face by a policeman and threatened with his sword; 'Ruy Blas' forbidden in Paris, though played in Brussels, while obscene jests and half-naked women are authorised in the Parisian theatres; the *France*, the organ of the senators, usually so submissive to the Government, protesting energetically against these scandals and deeply lamenting the consequences to France of the policy of the Minister of the Interior; the Government beaten at elections in two agricultural districts where there is no opposition paper; public opinion waking up everywhere, more penetrating than ever after its long slumber; the Pope and the clericals triumphant; and, finally, a new army bill, an increase of armaments, and unceasing warlike rumours—such is a resumé of the situation."

BALL DRESS IN PARIS.

THE prettiest woman in the room was a lady of a noble Hungarian family, fair, with that dark brown reddish hair which is just going to begin to be golden, but never shines out. I will tell you how she was dressed in my imperfect mode of dictation. Pale oval face, heavy eyebrows, bright bronze eyes. Small festoons of hair over the brow, imprisoned by a golden metal band. A rose over the left ear. Let us go round a Bismarck oblong. A mass of twisted hair, in a sort of Laocoon agony, was decorated with small insects (of course I don't mean anything impossible), glittering, gemlike beetles, from the Brazils. Three very long curls hung from the imposing mass, and could be worn before or behind, and made to perform, as I witnessed, all sorts of coquettish tricks. I learnt later from a spiteful old lady that the whole of this great art-hair triumph was stuck on in a mass, and "done in a minute." It is very beautiful, thought I as I gazed at the lady's back; true or false, it moves the heart and pleases the imagination. Now for the dress. Well, there is nothing to describe till you get very nearly down to the waist. A pretty bit of lace on a band wanders over the shoulder; the back is bare very low down, and more of the bust is seen than even last year's fashions permitted. Imagine an extinguisher's top cut off and placed immediately under the arms of a lady; imagine it pale green with a gold fringe. Keep on imagining, please, and picture that from the bottom of the extinguisher there spreads a most spacious white gauzy robe with a train, all tulle illusion—so full of small puffs, and so wide, spreading and producing in action a faint silvery rustle. How it is supported, whether by crinoline, or some new inflating material, who can tell? As a great philosopher has said, "The wisest know little about women." Now this is a toilette, or, as they are now called, costume, which has to be navigated about the room. The train will get into all sorts of comic positions if not properly ruddered. To bring one of these dresses safe into sofa port is a work of skill and daring.—*Morning Post.*

FENIANISM AT DEPTFORD.

THREE men have been arrested at Deptford, charged with Fenianism. The story is a strange one. Two of the men (Macarthy and Richardson) proposed, it is said, the oath of the Brotherhood to a youth named Dribil, who, however, declined to "kiss the book." Upon this the two men (who were special constables!) took Dribil to the police-station, and accused him of Fenianism. The charge was not entertained, but, later in the evening, the police having duly weighed and pondered the matter, determined to arrest these two men and two others, whose names and addresses were handed in. With a kind consideration for the personal comfort of the delinquents, it was determined to delay their arrest until they left their lodgings for work early on Monday morning, and bodies of police were told off to watch the houses of the suspects. At seven o'clock Florence Macarthy and James Richardson stepped into the street from their respective houses, were captured, and taken to the station. A third man, named Leary, appears to have been of a suspicious turn of mind, for on opening the door, and seeing the superintendent, he suddenly retreated, closed the door, made good his escape, and has not yet been secured. The fourth, named Littleton, was taken in bed.

TWO MURDERS.—Two murders of seamen occupied the attention of the metropolitan authorities on Tuesday. In the one, John Conning, who is charged with fatally stabbing John Wyers, on board ship, when off the Bay of Fayal, in the *Agave*, was committed by the Lord Mayor for trial. The second case was that of an Italian seaman, named Morelli, just arrived from Calcutta, said to have murdered John Henville, a youth of nineteen, also a seaman. The deceased was tipsy and quarrelsome at a public-house near Wellclose-square, where the deceased and other men were. They were turned out, and on the quarrel being renewed in the street, Morelli received a blow in the face. On recovering himself, he stepped up to the deceased and stabbed him fatally in the side. The jury at the inquest returned a verdict of "wilful murder." It was stated, as an instance of the improvidence of seamen, that the prisoner, on being paid off that morning, received £11, and when searched on being taken to the station, it being then eleven o'clock p.m., he had only 15s. 6d. left.

CLERKENWELL OUTRAGE.—On Monday, the five persons charged with the wilful murder of the persons killed by "the Clerkenwell outrage," were brought up at Bow-street for re-examination. Their names, it will be remembered, are—Anne Justice, Timothy and William Desmond, John O'Keefe, and Nicholas English. To these were added Patrick Mullany, who has already been under examination on the charge of treason-felony; and also Michael Barrett and James O'Neill, two men just arrested in Glasgow, and brought to town on Saturday night. Distinct evidence was given as to the complicity of Mullany, of Barrett's presence when the barrel was fired, and of some collateral circumstances at the house of Mullany, which are strongly confirmatory. O'Neill's presence is also spoken of by another witness. The prisoners were remanded.

DOG STEALING.—On Tuesday two men named Atherton and Barrett were tried at the Middlesex Sessions for "corruptly receiving £5" to recover a dog stolen from the Marquis of Graham, in Duke-street, St. James's. The noble lord employed a detective, who went to Atherton and offered £5 from the marquis to get back the colley. Atherton was somewhat afraid of "getting into trouble," as "two poor innocent doves were sent away last week." He was assured it was "all right," and he took the detective to Barrett, who handed over the dog and received the money. After an amusing speech from Mr. Ribton for the defence, the "innocent doves" were convicted, and sentenced, the one to eighteen and the other to twelve months' hard labour.

MR. G. F. TRAIN IN TROUBLE.—Mr. Train, the American Anglophobe, was taken before Mr. Hamilton, the stipendiary magistrate at Cork, and upon his denying that he had any seditious intention, and declaring that he would in no way countenance the cause of Fenianism, was set at liberty.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.

SANGER'S GREAT STUD AND TALENTED COMPANY.
Monday, January 27th.—Sixty-First Representation of the Gorgeous Spectacle of
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON,
Witnessed by no less than 750,000 People.
Early application for Reserved Seats necessary.

N.B.—The Hall properly heated, made warm, and performed by Benham's newly invented patent diffuser, 25, Poultry, London.
Two Performances Daily—Two o'clock and Half-past Seven o'clock.

ESTABLISHED 1848.
BROTHER WILLIAM PLATT'S
MASONIC WORKS,
6, BEAUFORT BUILDINGS, STRAND, LONDON.
Masonic Jewels, Clothing, Banners, Furniture, Decorations, and Embroideries for Provincial Grand Lodges, Craft Lodges, Mark Lodges, and Royal Arch Chapters. Also for K.T., R.C., 30th and 33rd Degrees.

THE PLAINS OF HEAVEN, THE DAY OF WRATH, AND THE LAST JUDGMENT.—These three very fine large Engravings, from Martin's last grand paintings, 30s. Also, Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time (this is a very fine engraving by Landseer), 15s.; proof, 21s. Every description of picture frames kept in stock, at the lowest prices, at GEO. REES, 37, Drury-lane, and 34, St. Martin's-lane. Established 1800.

LAMPLUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE
cures Headache, Giddiness, Sea or Bilious Sickness, is most effective in Eruptive or Skin Affections, and forms a most invigorating saline draught. Sold by Chemists, and the Maker, H. LAMPLUGH, 113, Holborn-hill, London.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS are the most popular and most reliable for all descriptions of female complaints. The purifying and invigorating qualities of this fine medicine adapt it admirably for the young, delicate, and weakly, whose constitutions it will strengthen, and whose feeble circulation and irregular organic action it will rectify.

THE EUROPEAN SEA SALT COMPANY, 183, Strand, W.C., and 52, 53, Crotched-friars, E.C.—A SEA-BATH IN YOUR OWN ROOM FOR ONE PENNY. Hot, tepid, or cold. Sold by all chemists, grocers, and oilmen, in bags or boxes.—7lbs., 11d.; 14lbs., 1s. 10d.; 28lbs., 3s. 6d.; 56lbs., 7s.; 1 cwt., 14s.—Travellers required in town and country.

KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES.—WHAT DISEASES ARE MORE FATAL IN THEIR CONSEQUENCES than neglected Coughs, Colds, Sore Throats, or Lungular Affections? The first and best remedy is KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES, which are daily recommended by the Faculty.—Testimonials from the most eminent of whom may be inspected. Sold in boxes 1s. 1d.; tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. each. T. KEATING, Chemist, 79, Saint Paul's Churchyard, London. Sold retail by all Druggists, &c.

THE DIASTATIZED IRON, FOR STRENGTHENING THE SYSTEM.
THE DIASTATIZED IODINE, FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.

The above is in the shape of sweetmeats, and pleasant to the taste.
By a scientific process of combining the Iron or the Iodine with Cress Seed, the valuable properties of the Iron or Iodine are fully developed, while the obnoxious parts are done away with, and the most delicate stomach can digest them with perfect ease.
Price 2s. 9d. Sold at all the Chemists.
Dr. BAUP'S Preparations bear his Signature on the Government Stamp—none Genuine without.
Sole Agent for England and the British Colonies, CHARLES LANGE, 6, Monkwell-street, London.

CERTAIN CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE,
face ache, head ache, or rheumatism in the head or shoulders, without pain or medicine. Wear a piece of the Amalgamated Swissherb's Metal, like many thousands do. To be had, with instructions, for 1s., or by post 13 stamps, of M. DRUCKER, Patentee, 47, London Wall, City.

CONSUMPTION. DISEASES OF THE HEART.
Asthma, and Bronchitis, curable by new remedies. Including high opinions of the London Press and Medical Profession; also references of cures. By Dr. ABERCROMBIE. Just published, 4th edition, 1s., post free 12 stamps. Heywood, Publisher, 335, Strand, London.

THE only Lady Dentist is Mrs. HART-DINGE, 126, East-road, City-road. Good Teeth, 2s. 6d.; Best, 5s.; Sets from 30s. No charge if satisfaction not given. See Testimonials. Ask for the Lady Dentist. Stopping, 1s.; Scaling, 2s. 6d.; Extracting, 1s. No Stumps extracted, or painful operation required to fix artificial teeth.

FALSE TOOTH on VULCANITE, 3s. 6d.;
Complete Set, £1; Tooth on Dental Alloy, 7s. 6d.; Complete set, £6; Tooth on Platina, 10s.; Complete set, £9; Tooth on Gold, 15s.; Complete set, £12. Materials and Fit guaranteed. Stopping, 2s. 6d.; best 5s. Misfits and old sets a bought or re-fitted.
Mr. WARD, Surgeon-Dentist and Practical Dentist to the Profession many years.
Testimonials undeniable. Consultations Free.
188, OXFORD-STREET, W.

LOOK TO YOUR TEETH.
MR. FRANCOIS, Surgeon-Dentist, continues to supply his celebrated ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on vulcanized base, at 5s. a tooth, and £2 10s. the set. These teeth are more natural, comfortable, and durable than any yet produced, and are self-adhesive.—42, Judd-street, near King's-cross and Euston-square.—Consultations Free.

WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES PRODUCED. BALDNESS and Scanty Partings CURED within THIRTY DAYS, without injury to the skin. Patronized by Royalty and the Nobility, throughout the world. 13 stamps, Mr. B. FOX, Chemist, Oxtou-road, Birkenhead. Testimonials sent on receipt of stamped envelope. Beware of spurious imitations.

£1,000 IN PRIZES.
Now ready, price 6d. each, post free 7d. Vols. I. and II. of

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE MONSTER SONG BOOK.

To be completed in Three Volumes, price 6d., each containing:—

768 Pages,
1,536 Columns,
3,000 Songs.

Each Volume will contain a Prize Numbered Cheque, entitling the purchaser to a Share in

A GRAND DRAWING for PRIZES VALUE £1,000.

A purchaser of the Three Volumes will be ENTITLED TO THREE CHANCES IN THE GRAND DISTRIBUTION.
"London Herald" Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

£10 AND UNDER FOR 6d.
Now ready, price 6d., post free 7d. Vols. I. & II. of

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE MONSTER SONG BOOK.

Containing a PRIZE NUMBERED CHEQUE, entitling the purchaser to a "share in PRIZES VALUE £1,000.

A purchaser of the Three Volumes will be entitled to THREE CHANCES.
Full particulars in Vol. I., price 6d., post free 8d., to be ready in a few days.
"London Herald" Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

JUST PUBLISHED.—SECOND EDITION.
Price 1s., or by Book Post, 1s. 2d.
CIRCULATION ANNUALLY INCREASING.

RECORDS OF 1866, by EDWARD WEST,

Author of "Records of 1861," and of each succeeding year.
"This little volume, being the sixth of the series, like all the author's similar works, is written in a style that cannot fail to interest the reader, bringing under his notice the leading events of the past year."
EDWARD WEST, 1, Hull and Mouth Street, E.C.

THE CHEAPEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD EIGHT PAGES—FORTY-EIGHT COLUMNS.

REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER

PRICE ONE PENNY.

This is the cheapest and largest weekly newspaper issued from the press; it contains eight pages, or forty-eight columns. As a family newspaper and an organ of general intelligence it stands unrivalled; while its enormous circulation denotes it as an excellent medium for advertisements. Persons intending to emigrate should read the Emigration and Colonial Intelligence in REYNOLDS'S NEWSPAPER. For intelligence connected with the drama, markets, sporting, police, continental and colonial matters, and the current literature of the day, accidents, inquests, &c., this newspaper is unrivalled. There are FOUR EDITIONS issued weekly: the First in time for Thursday evening's mail, for abroad; the Second at Four o'clock on Friday morning, for Scotland and Ireland; the Third at Four o'clock on Saturday morning, for the country; and the Fourth at Four o'clock on Sunday morning, for London. Each Edition contains the LATEST INTELLIGENCE up to the hour of going to press. Quarterly subscriptions, 2s. 2d., post-free, can be forwarded either by Post-Office Order (payable at the Strand office), or in postage-stamps.
* Send two postage stamps to the publisher, and receive a number as a specimen.

THE AIMARD LIBRARY

OF INDIAN TALES AND ADVENTURES.

Foolscap 8vo., Fancy Boards, price 2s. each.
The Trappers of Arkansas.
The Border Rifles.
The Freebooters.
The White Scalper.
The Adventurers.
Pearl of the Andes.
The Trail Hunter.
Pirates of the Prairies.
The Trapper's Daughter.
The Tiger Slayer.
The Gold Seekers.
The Indian Chief.
The Red Track.
The Prairie Flower.
The Indian Scout.
The Last of the Incas.
Queen of the Savannah.
The Buccaneer Chief.
Stronghand.
The Smuggler Chief.
The Rebel Chief.
Stoneheart.
The Bee Hunters.
The Guide of the Desert.
The Insurgent Chief.
The Flying Horseman.

LONDON: C. H. CLARKE, 13, PATERNOSTER-ROW.
Sold by all Booksellers, and at all Railway Stations.

TO BOOKSELLERS.—Every BOOK-SELLER ORDERING ONE DOZEN VOLUMES OF THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE MONSTER SONG BOOK WILL RECEIVE GRATIS A PRIZE NUMBERED CHEQUE, entitling him to a special distribution of Prizes value £100, in addition to the Prize Cheque contained in each volume.
"London Herald" Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

HARMONIUMS at 286, Oxford Street, are warranted to be of the very best Manufacture. Prices without stops, £4; three stops, £6; five stops, £7 7s.; seven stops, £8 15s.; eight stops, £10 10s.; ten stops, £13 10s.; twelve stops, £17; fourteen stops, £24; sixteen stops, £30; twenty stops, £45. C. LAYLAND and Co., Harmonium Manufacturers, 286, Oxford-street, London. The Trade supplied.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

BILIOUS and Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Drowsiness, Giddiness, Spasms, and all Disorders of the Stomach and Bowels, are quickly removed by that well-known remedy, FRAMPTON'S PILL OF HEALTH. It unites the recommendation of a mild aperient with the most successful effect; and where an aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted. Sold by all medicine vendors. Price 1s. 1d. and 2s. per box.

LUXURIANT WHISKERS AND MOUSTACHES.

HUNDREDS can now testify to the wonderful success of

FOX'S NOTED FORMULA,

which forces Whiskers and Moustaches to grow heavily in six weeks on the smoothest face, without injuring the skin. A sure remedy for baldness. Thirteen stamps.

Mr. FOX, Chemist, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

CLEANLINESS.—W. G. NIXEY'S refined BLACKLEAD, for polishing stoves and all kinds of ironwork equal to burnished steel, without waste or dust. Sold by all shopkeepers in 1d., 2d., 4d., and 1s. packets.
Counting-house, 12, Soho-square, London.

NOW READY,

BOW BELLS ALMANAC FOR 1868.

This handsome Almanac, containing thirty-eight magnificent engravings, surpases, both in elegance and general information, any almanac that has ever been issued in this country.
Price 6d., post free 8d.—London: J. Dicks, 313 Strand. All Booksellers.

B O W B E L L S.

THE FAVOURITE MAGAZINE.

Now Ready, Price 6d., Part XLII., for February.

With which is presented, Gratis, a COLOURED STEEL ENGRAVING OF THE FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY. Drawn and Coloured by Hand, in Paris.

GENERAL CONTENTS:—

ENTRANCES AND EXITS. By the Author of "The Humming Bird," "Carynthia," "Astrutha," &c. Illustrated.

THE PEA-ANT GIRL. By the Author of "Hawthorne," "Mary's Victory," "Castletower," "Captain Gerald," &c. Illustrated.

THE LADY OF THE RING. A Tale for the New Year. By the Author of "The Gray Lady," "Ronald Macdonald," &c. Illustrated.

SKETCHES OF ABYSSINIA. Illustrated.

RHINE LEGENDS. By G. F. Robertson. Illustrated.

FINE ART ILLUSTRATIONS.

January. — New Year's Presents. After the Rain. — North Wales. Bacchus.

Death of Frederick II.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Auber. General Sir Robert Napier. Theodora, King of Abyssinia. K.C.B.

POETRY.

A New Year's Sonnet. The Moonlight Long Ago. Early Love. The Emigrant Ship. Life's Chain.

ESSAYS.

The Creative Pride of the Mechanic. The Married Life. Figures of Speech. The Poet's Immortality.

NEW AND ORIGINAL MUSIC.

The Queen's Galop. "A Diril Vero." Oh! Breathe her Name in Whispers. The Scotch Emigrant.

COMPLETE TALES.

Autumn Blossoms. Miss Raymond's Trial. An Eastern Love Story. Miss Babbington's Fortune. Disobedience. The Two Arab Chiefs.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Onward and Upward! The Eternal World. Health and Exercise. Coleridge. Calm Thought. Trust. Salt in the Animal System. A Happy Home. Oratory. Walking. Thoughts on Birds.

PICTURESQUE SKETCHES.

Middleton Hall, near Leicester. ADVENTURES, &c.

Australia. Escape from a Tiger. King Theodore. The Bank of England. Imagination of Elephants. Remarkable Memories. A Funeral in the Holy Land. Elephant Hunting in Abyssinia.

Volcanic Marvels in Java. The Bottom of the Ocean. The King of the Charcoal Burners. Strasburg Cathedral. Meerschaum.

Trapping in the Far West. Extinction of the Elephant. The Bedouin Arabs. Westminster School. Effects of Removal of Forests. The Pilot.

The White Whale. A Haunted House. Asiatic Costumes. Naphtha. Anecdote of Charles X. Trepasiers.

Superstitions in Italy.

THE LADIES' PAGES.

GENERAL LITERATURE.—

To My Readers. The Old Year. Hints for Married People. The Corner for a Handkerchief. Lady's Cap. Pattern for a Cigar-Case. Point Lace for Dresses, &c. Mignardise Lace with Fringe, for Toilet Covers, &c. Insertion for Petticoats, &c. Lady's Work-Basket. Design for a Handkerchief. Cheese Cloth in Netting and Darning. Corner with Initials in Embroidery. Corner for Handkerchief, in Embroidery. The Front of a Baby's Bodice. Woman's Beauty. Modelling in Wax. Work-table Correspondence.

OUR OWN SPINX.

Consisting of Charades, Rebuses, Conundrums, Enigmas, Arithmetical Questions, Acrostics, &c.

VARIETIES. SAYINGS AND DOINGS. HOUSEHOLD RECREATIONS. NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Price 6d., post free, 9d.

Title and Index to Vol. VII.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND.

DICKS'S SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS, COMPLETE

With Life and Portrait, and 36 Illustrations by Gilbert, Wilson, &c., printed in bold, legible type, and good paper, being the cheapest book in the world. One Shilling, post free 6d. extra.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND.

DICKS'S BYRON.

LORD BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS, with Life and Portrait, and Sixteen Illustrations, uniform with

DICKS'S SHAKESPEARE.

SEVENPENCE; post free, 3d. extra.

* May be had, beautifully bound, 1s. 2d.

Cases to bind the above, price Sixpence each.

LONDON: J. DICKS, 313, STRAND. All booksellers.

REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.—This

POPULAR ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL contains TWO NEW TALES, and other interesting features:—

THE FLY IN THE GOLDEN WEB. By the Author of "The Marvel of Marwood."

THE VEILED HEART. By HAMILTON SMITH.

DRAMATIC TALES. By an OLD ACTOR.

And Topic Cuts of New Buildings, &c.

16 pages, One Penny.

313, STRAND.

THE LETTER G MACHINE.
THE LETTER G MACHINE.
THE LETTER G MACHINE.
THE LETTER G MACHINE.
THE LETTER G MACHINE.
THE LETTER G MACHINE.

This Machine is a most acceptable member of the household wherever found. It does its work silently, without reluctance, and with perfect certainty. No other approaches it in several important particulars. Samples of work and Price List sent free. Instruction free to all, whether buyers or not. Every possible facility afforded for judging of the machine before buying.

WILLCOX AND GIBBS
SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
135, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.

LADIES' VELVETEEN SUITS,
TWO GUINEAS.
THE NEW ATLANTIC SUIT,
For Yachting and Seaside wear,
TWO GUINEAS.
Short Costumes, for Walking or Travelling,
ONE AND A HALF GUINEA.
Patterns Free.
HORSLEY AND CO., 71, Oxford-street, W.

DO YOU WISH YOUR CHILDREN
WELL DRESSED? Boys' Knickerbocker Suits
in Cloth from 15s. 9d.; Useful School Suits from 12s. 9d.
Patterns of the Cloth, directions for measurement, and
forty-nine engravings of new dresses, post free.—
NICHOLSON'S, 50 to 52, St. Paul's Churchyard.

J. P. DONALD & CO
(LATE STAMMERS, DONALD, & CO.),
FASHIONABLE TAILORS,
64, Strand, and 2, Aldgate.

DONALD'S 12s. 6d. TROUSERS.
Unrivalled.

DONALD'S SUITS for the HIGHLANDS,
FORTY-TWO SHILLINGS.
Not to be excelled.

DONALD'S FROCK COAT, 33s. 6d.
With Watered Silk facings.
A LARGE STOCK ALWAYS READY
of every description of Garment.
Fit and Quality guaranteed.
64, STRAND, AND 2, ALDGATE.

LONG LOOKED FOR, COME AT LAST
HOPWOOD AND CREW'S 100
QUADRILLES, WALTZES, POLKAS, &c.,
for the Violin, in complete Sets for Dancing, price
One Shilling and Sixpence, post free.
HOPWOOD AND CREW'S 100 COUNTRY DANCES,
for the Violin, (the Real Old Favourites), price One
Shilling and Sixpence, post free.

HOPWOOD AND CREW'S 100 FAVOURITE SONGS
AND BALLADS,
for the Violin, price One Shilling and Sixpence, post
free.
Great care has been taken to render these arrange-
ments sufficiently easy to be at the command of the
moderate performer.

Mr. HARRY CLIFTON'S
CELEBRATED SONGS WITH CHORUS.
Pulling Hard Against the Stream.
Up with the Lark in the Morning.
Motto for Every Man.

Also the following Comic Songs:—
Jones's Musical Party.
My Old Wife and I.
Polly Perkins.
My Mother-in-Law.
The Weeping Willer.
Water Cresses.

And upwards of a hundred others.
Comic Duets for Lady and Gentleman, as sung with
immense success.
Mr. and Mrs. Wright; or, The Happy Policeman.
Folly and Fashion.

The Music and Words of the above Songs may be
had of all Music and Booksellers in the United King-
dom; and of the Publishers, Hopwood and Crew, 42,
New Bond-street, London, W., where all Mr. Clifton's
other Songs can be obtained. Post for Eighteen
Stamps each.

CHIGNONS.
FANTASIA, COMIQUE, EMPRESS and
DUCHESS.
Chignons, 8 stamps; Fantasia, 12; Comique, 18
Empress, 21; and Duchesse, 21 stamps.

The above can be had singly or in any quantity by
sending to

T. EDSALL,
ORIGINAL MANUFACTURER,
45, WHITCOMB-STREET, LEICESTER-
SQUARE, LONDON.
The above sent post free to any part of the Kingdom.

PEACHEY'S
PIANOFORTES LENT ON HIRE,
FOR ANY PERIOD,
OR FOR THREE YEARS SYSTEM OF PURCHASE.
Hire allowed. Carriage Free.
The largest assortment in London of every description
and price.

CITY OF LONDON PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY,
PEACHEY,
72 and 73, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.
* New Grand Pianofortes Lent on Hire for Con-
certs, Lectures and Public Dinners.

PIANOFORTES ON EASY TERMS
OF PURCHASE.

MOORE AND MOORE LET on HIRE
the following PIANOFORTES for three years,
after which, and without any further charge whatever,
the pianoforte becomes the property of the hirer.
Pianettes, 24 guineas per quarter; Piceolons, 3 guineas
per quarter; Cottage Pianos, £2 10s. per quarter;
Drawing-room Model Cottage, £3 18s. per quarter;
HARMONIUMS ON EASY TERMS OF PURCHASE.
—Price Lists Free. Carriage Free to all parts of the
Kingdom. Extensive Ware-rooms, 104 and 105,
Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited),
CANNON - STREET, LONDON, E. C.—Nearly
opposite the Cannon-street Railway Station.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
are the sole bottlers of Wine in Imperial measure.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Say that an Imperial pint bottle is bound
by law to hold one-eighth part of a gallon.
And that an Imperial quart bottle is bound by law
to hold one-fourth part of a gallon.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Say that the required quart is generally
understood to measure 6 to the gallon, but that
there is no law to declare what the true measure-
ment of a reputed pint or quart shall be, and conse-
quently there is no law to reach the bottler in short
measure. These bottles are made to hold any measure
from 6 to 8 to the gallon, according to the will of the
wine merchant, who, if he desires true 6's, has to make
especial request for such to the manufacturer, who
deals in the ordinary course of his business in 6's,
6½'s, 7's, 7½'s, according to inquiry, which would not
be the case if such bottles were illegal, and which is
not the case with Imperial pints, which being legal,
are regular in measure.

These bottles of spurious extraction have sneaked
into use under the style and title of the Royal bottle—
the true quart—though at best they only contain two-
thirds the measure, and cannot be relied on even for
that—for a vast quantity of short measures being in
use and constant circulation they are day by day
exchanged by consumers for the bottles sent by the
respectable wine merchant, who must either refuse
them, which is often impossible—or not his interest to
do so; destroy them, which no one supposes; use
them, which he won't; or sell them at a loss to others,
who in re-filling them delude the buyer, inflict a wrong
on the wine trade generally, give occasion for a vast
amount of unnecessary labour, and becomes a source
of tricky opposition to the fair trader, who suffers.

These so-styled reputed quarts are neither honest,
legal, nor convenient, and even if prepared for any
reason whatever, should first be made subject to legal
measurement and control, like all other measures; be
stripped of their assumed reputed titles, which have
brought much dispute on the bottle peerage; and
with their illegitimate children, the reputed pints, be
dubbed with some characteristic title, such as "sneaks"
and "half sneaks," declaring what they actually are.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Supply any person in any part of the country
with one bottle of Wine at the same price as it is
sold on the Continent.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Sell the CHEAPEST WINES OF FRANCE—A
good, sound, rich, full, nutritious Claret (choix vin
ordinaire).

Imperial pints, 9s. per doz., or 9d. per bottle; Im-
perial quarts, 18s. per doz., or 1s. 6d. per bottle.
The same Wine in reputed measure.
Reputed pints, 7s. per doz., 7d. per bottle; reputed
quarts, 12s. per doz., or 1s. per bottle.
No charge for bottles, but 1s. per doz. allowed for
bottles returned.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Sell the CHOICEST WINE OF FRANCE—
Chateau Lafite, first growth, 1864 vintage, bottled
in 1867.

Imperial pints, 63s. per doz., or 5s. 3d. per bottle;
reputed quarts, 84s. per doz., or 7s. per bottle.
No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Sell the CHEAPEST WINE OF SPAIN—A good,
sound, rich, mellow, full, agreeable MOUNTAIN
SHERRY.

Imperial pints, 12s. per doz., or 1s. per bottle; Im-
perial quarts, 24s. per doz., or 2s. per bottle.
The same Wine in reputed measure.
Reputed pints, 8s. 6d. per doz., or 8½d. per bottle;
reputed quarts, 15s. per doz., or 1s. 3d. per bottle.
No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Sell the CHOICEST WINES OF SPAIN.

Per doz. 45s.
AMONTILLADO, Impl. pta. 36s., reputed qts. 45s.
MONTILLA, do. 45s. do. 60s.
SOLERA, do. 60s. do. 72s.
A single bottle to be obtained at the same price.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Sell the CHOICEST WINES OF PORTUGAL—
A good sound, rich, fruity, delicate MOUNTAIN
PORT.

Imperial pints, 12s. per doz., or 1s. per bottle; Im-
perial quarts, 24s. per doz., or 2s. per bottle.
The same Wine in reputed measure.
Reputed pints, 8s. 6d. per doz., or 8½d. per bottle;
reputed quarts, 15s. per doz., or 1s. 3d. per bottle.
No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Sell the CHOICEST WINES OF PORTUGAL.
PORT.—The O. W. Co.'s celebrated VINHO FINO.

Imperial pints, 27s. per doz. or 2s. 3d. per bottle;
Imperial quarts, 34s. per doz., or 4s. 6d. per bottle.
The same Wine in reputed measure.

Reputed pints, 19s. per doz., or 1s. 7d. per bottle;
reputed quarts, 36s. per doz., or 3s. per bottle.
Vintage 1863 Port, bottled in 1867.
Imperial pints, 33s. per doz., or 2s. 9d. per bottle;
Imperial quarts, 66s. per doz., or 5s. 6d. per bottle.
The same Wine in reputed measure.

Reputed pints, 23s. per doz., or 1s. 11d. per bottle;
reputed quarts, 44s. per doz., or 3s. 8d. per bottle.
Vintage 1847 Port, bottled in 1851—Reputed quarts,
84s. per doz., or 7s. per bottle.
No charge for bottle.

THE ONE WINE COMPANY (Limited)
Call attention to the fact that they make no
charge for bottles, but that 1s. per dozen is allowed
for bottles if returned, thereby reducing the cost of
the Wine 1s. per dozen.

For further particulars see Price Lists, which will
be forwarded on application.
A single bottle of any of the above Wines can be
obtained as sample.

Cheques and Post-office orders to be made payable to
THE ONE WINE COMPANY (LIMITED), 115,
Cannon-street, London, E.C.

Cheques crossed Glyn and Co. Post-office Orders
payable to W. Shepphard.

KINAHAN'S LL WHISKY & COGNAC
BRANDY.—This celebrated OLD IRISH
WHISKY rivals the finest French Brandy. It is pure,
mild, mellow, delicious, and very wholesome. Sold in
bottles, 3s. 8d., at most of the respectable retail houses
in London, by the appointed agents in the principal
towns of England, or wholesale at 3, Great Windmill
Street, London, W. Observe the red seal, pink label
and cork branded "Kinahan's LL Whisky."

BY HER MAJESTY'S
ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.
SUTTON'S PATENT FIRE LIGHTER.

EVERY ONE SHOULD USE THEM.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
WHOLESALE, 16, CARBURTON-STREET,
FITZROY SQUARE.

KNIGHT & COMPANY.

Importers and Manufacturers of

SEWING MACHINES,

42, HANWAY STREET, OXFORD-STREET
LONDON,
FACTORY, DIANA-PLACE, EUSTON-ROAD.

MESSRS. KNIGHT & CO., having for
a long time felt the necessity of a cheap
Machine for families that would come within all
means, have produced what they justly style, the

Price "WONDER" Price
35s. 35s.

On Stand with Treadle, complete, £3 3s.

J. A. KNIGHT & CO., Sole Proprie-
tors for the United Kingdom. This Machine
is the CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD. It makes
the elastic stitch, and will HEM, SEAM, BIND, QUILT,
and EMBROIDER, in fact, do all kinds of household
sewing, and is so simple in its construction that a
child can work it with ease.

TRADE "WONDER." MARK.

Each Machine guaranteed for 12 months.

Terms—Cash with Order.

P.O.O. made payable at Hanway-street, London.

MESSRS. KNIGHT & CO., have now
in hand, and will shortly produce, a beautiful
Noiseless Parlour Machine, which will fully merit
the name they have given it, The

"SURPRISE"

Due Notice will be given of its First Appearance.

NOW ON VIEW THE
"ÆTNA"
LOCK STITCH
(HIGHEST PREMIUM)

SEWING MACHINES,
are adapted to all kinds of Family Sewing,
Dressmaking, Tailors, Manufacturers of Clothing,
Boots and Shoes, Linen Goods, Hats, Caps, Cloaks,
Mantillas, Harness Work, &c.

They work equally well upon Leather, Silk,
Linen, Woollen and Cotton Goods, with Silk,
Cotton or Linen Thread.

They will seam, gather, hem, fell, quilt, cord,
braid, bind, and perform every species of Sewing,
making a perfect stitch, alike on both sides of the
fabric.

Every description of Machine exchanged or
repaired.

CAUTION—Any infringement of Trade Mark
will be dealt with according to Law.

Illustrated Catalogue free on Application.

J. A. KNIGHT & CO.,
42, HANWAY-STREET, OXFORD-STREET,
FACTORY,
DIANA-PLACE, EUSTON-ROAD.

THE
FLORENCE
(LOCK STITCH) IS
THE BEST FAMILY SEWING MACHINE
IN THE WORLD.

We warrant the Florence superior to all
others for Family use. If any purchaser is
dissatisfied with it, after a fair trial, we will
give in exchange any Sewing Machine of simi-
lar price known to the trade.

ADDRESS:—

FLORENCE SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
97, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON;
19 & 21, BLACKFRIARS-STREET, MANCHESTER.
AGENTS WANTED.

W. F. THOMAS & Co.'s
PATENT SEWING MACHINES.

SEWING MACHINES FOR DOMESTIC
PURPOSES.

SEWING MACHINES FOR TAILORS.

SEWING MACHINES FOR BOOT-
MAKERS.

SEWING MACHINES FOR SHIRT
AND COLLAR MAKERS.

SEWING MACHINES FOR MANTLE
MAKERS.

SEWING MACHINES FOR UPHOL-
STERERS.

SEWING MACHINES FOR SADDLERS.

ALL LOCK-STITCH MACHINES.

Work both sides alike.

THE CELEBRATED No. 2. £10,

THE NEW DOMESTIC MACHINES,
With Stand and Table, complete.

£6 6s. & £8.

W. F. THOMAS & CO.,

The Original Patentees (1846),
1 & 2, CHEAPSIDE, AND REGENT CIRCUS,
OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

SEWING MACHINES
in the various Stitches, for Families and Manu-
facturers, including the New Patent Hand Lock-stitch
(like on both sides), Single Thread and Embroidering
Machines, from £2 10s. Call and inspect or send for
an Illustrated Catalogue. All Machines guaranteed.
Also Sole Depot for the Original Howe Sewing
Machines.—The American and English Sewing
Machine Depot, 457, New Oxford-street.

EXCELSIOR PRIZE-MEDAL SEWING
and EMBROIDERY MACHINES, with all the
latest improvements, for every home. Are the simplest,
cheapest, and best—does every variety of domestic and
fancy work in a superior manner. Price from £6 6s.
WRIGHT & MANN, 143, Holborn-bars, London, E.C.

RIMMEL'S NEW PERFUMED
VALENTINES.—Cupid's Magnet, a new Heart
Barometer 1s.; by post for 17 Stamps. Animated
Flowers, Medieval, &c., 1s.; by post for 14 Stamps.
Musical Valentines, from £1 1s. Other Perfumed
Valentines, from 6d. to Ten Guineas.

List on application. Sold by all the Trade.
96, Strand; 128, Regent-street; 24, Cornhill.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for
Children's Diet.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for all the uses
to which the best Arrowroot
is applicable.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
boiled with Milk,
for Breakfast.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
boiled with Milk,
for Supper.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
to thicken
Soups.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR
to thicken
Sauces.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
to thicken
Beef-tea.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for
Custards.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for
Blancmanges.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
for
Puddings.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
One Tablespoonful
to 1 lb. of flour
makes
Light Pastry.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
Packets,
2d.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
Packets,
4d.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
Packets,
8d.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
Tins,
1s.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
Tins, 7lb.,
at 8d. per lb.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR,
Tins, 14lb.,
at 8d. per lb.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR.
To be obtained
by order through
Merchants
in all parts
of the World.

BROWN and POLSON'S
CORN FLOUR.
CAUTION TO FAMILIES.—To obtain extra profit by
the sale, other qualities are sometimes audaciously
substituted instead of Brown and Polson's.

35s. "THE WONDER" 35s.
CHEAPEST SEWING MACHINE IN
THE WORLD.

Makes the Elastic Stitch, will Hem, Seam, Bind,
Quilt, Embroider, and all household sewing.
Guaranteed 12 months.—Catalogues free.
L. A. KNIGHT & Co., 42, Hanway-street, Oxford-
street, London.

BREAKFAST.

EPPS'S COCOA.
The very agreeable character of this preparation
has rendered it a general favourite. Invigorating and
sustaining, with a refined and grateful flavour devel-
oped by the special mode of preparation applied, this
Cocoa is used as their habitual beverage for breakfast
by thousands who never before used Cocoa. 4lb., 4lb.
and 1lb. packets.

PERFECTION OF CORN FLOUR.

"MAIZENA."

THIS DELICIOUS FOOD which gained
the only PRIZE MEDAL at the London Exhibi-
tion, 1862, with the Report of Jury "Exceeding excel-
lent Food" has again been awarded the Sole Silver
Medal of Honour by the Juries of the Paris Exposition
with the very flattering recommendation as "Perfec-
tion of Preparation."

Prime Tea 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d.

PHILLIPS AND CO.'S TEAS
are the BEST and CHEAPEST,
8, King William Street, City, London, E.C.
A general Price Current, post-free. Teas, carriage free.

Printed for the Proprietor, by JUDN and GLASS, Phoenix
Works, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons
and Published for the Proprietor by E. GRAYSON,
at the Office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.—Satur-
day, January 25, 1868.